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# modern language notes

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# modern language notes

VOL. LXXV, NO. 3, MARCH 1960

## Kyning-Wuldor and Mann-Skratti

When I wrote "Compounds of the *Mann-skratti* Type" in *Studies in Honor of Albert Morey Sturtevant* (Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 1952, pp. 47-56), I had overlooked the famous word *kyningwuldor* in *Beowulf* 665.

Klaeber has commented on the word in two papers, one in *Modern Philology* (III, 454) and one in *Anglia* (xxxv, 125). In the first he says that *kyning-wuldor* is easily identified with *cyninga wuldor* = "God or Christ" and compares *lifwynn* = *lifes wynn* and *holm-bracu* = *yða gebræc*.

In *Anglia* he first discusses the extremely common *wuldorcyning* (*Beowulf* 2795) which, he says, corresponds to the equally common Church Latin *rex gloriae*. Then he goes on:

Die metonymische wendung *kyningwuldor* neben sonstigem *cyninga wuldor* = "die herrlichkeit der könige," d. h. "der herrlichste der könige," erinnert an den brauch von *decus, gloria*, z. b. *decus saeculi, mundi gloria*.

In other words Klaeber considers these terms to be Latinisms like *manna gehylf*. Not knowing Icelandic well, Klaeber could not very well find a parallel among the Germanic languages, for, as Professor Leo Spitzer has told me, the type is practically non-existent in Modern German as well as in the Romance languages. It is very common in

Modern Swedish, very rare in Danish and Norwegian, though not so scarce in Norwegian as I thought in 1952.

In *wuldor-cyning* the first element defines the second like *stone* in *stone wall*, and this is a very common type of compound in English Old and Modern. But in *kyning-wuldor* the second element defines the first, a type common in the compound-loving Sanscrit language (defined as a kind of *tat-purusha*), fairly common in Old and Modern Icelandic and very common in Modern Swedish.

We shall quote a few expressions of praise, parallel to *kyning-wuldor*, from Old Icelandic: *mann-baldr* "a Balder of a man, a fine man," *kvenn-skörungr* "an outstanding woman," *mann-gersemi* "a jewel of a man," *kvenn-val* "a choice of a woman," *mann-val* "choice of a man, choice of people, elite." There are also words of scolding like *mann-hundr* and *mann-skratti* "dog of a man" and "devil of a man." Those types have increased by leaps and bounds in colloquial Modern Icelandic and Swedish.

If there was a rhyme dictionary or a dictionary of final word elements for Old English, it would be easy to check word formations to see whether the final element had this force of meaning or not. Some final word elements are listed that way in the Old Icelandic *Lexicon Poeticum*. Thus one finds under *vegr* "way" at the end of the article: Cf. *austr-*, *far-*, *fold-*, *gagn-galg-*, *gang-*, *goð-*, *hel-*, *her-*, *hor-*, *il-*, *kvala-*, *ljóð-*, *ljós-*, *mold-*, *mun-*, *nifl-*, *norðr-*, *suðr-*. This is one of the finest feature of this dictionary, and I am not aware that it is found in any of the Old and Middle English dictionaries.

To make a glossary of this type would probably be well worth a scholar's trouble who was interested in word formation. And the book should have a safe sale.

I have only found one word in *Beowulf*, in addition to *kyning-wuldor*, which might be of this type. It is *eard-lufu*, line 692, which Klaeber translates "home love, dear home," according to our scheme it really should mean "love of a home." It reminds somewhat of the Sanscrit *grhabütih* (= house-beauty), "a beauty of a house" (see my paper of 1952, p. 51).

In the story of Grettir's fight with Glámr our compound type occurs in *hurðar-flaki* = *flakandi hurð* "a broken up door."

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STEFAN EINARSSON

## Spenser's Letter to Ralegh—A Reply

Readers of Professor A. C. Hamilton's note on this subject (*MLN*, LXXIII, 1958, 481-5) may well be tempted to ask what advantage we gain from seeing in the Letter an "account of the poem's structure . . . deliberately formalized," or a "wel-head of the History" which is so much "a formalized pattern or argument" that it cannot in logic be a "wel-head" of the present poem: the formality does not seem to compensate for the logic which we miss as soon as we attempt to connect Letter and poem. But since Professor Hamilton's contention that the Letter does not and is not meant to "paraphrase the 'content' of the poem" is not seriously at variance with my own conclusion,<sup>1</sup> I am less concerned with this point than with two serious misunderstandings of Spenser's text which his note reveals.

The first is his failure to make clear that, whether or not Spenser's "account of the poem's structure is deliberately formalized," the passage cited by Professor Hamilton on pp. 482-3 is offered mainly as a description of "the twelfth booke, which is the last." It is only because the twelfth and last book is necessarily absent from a poem published in instalments, or, as the Letter puts it, "because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending vpon other antecedents," that some such account of the antecedents as the Letter provides might be thought necessary. It is the concept of such a twelfth book, amongst other things in the Letter, which I have criticized as irrelevant to the present poem.

Of this matter Professor Hamilton gives no sign that he is aware. Indeed, his quotation of the passage "vppon which xii. seuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii. seuerall aduentures hapned, which being vndertaken by xii. seuerall knights, are in these xii books seuerally handled and discoursed" as Spenser's "account of the poem's structure" indicates as much, since only the last nine words of the passage cited describe "the poem's structure"; the rest of the passage cited (though it carries implications about the poem's structure) describes the subject-matter of "Book XII." And since Professor Hamilton is unaware of the nature of this passage, he is equally unaware that the sentence containing it involves an attempt to describe, as if they were one, two mutually conflicting poetic forms.<sup>2</sup>

Professor Hamilton's second misinterpretation is of the word *severally*, which he glosses, without citing any authority, as "differently": a gloss which enables him to object to the characterization of the form implied by the Letter as repetitive.<sup>3</sup> Such a meaning can, of course, be found, but it is

<sup>1</sup> *ELH*, XIX, 170: "no inevitable connection between the episodes [summarized in the Letter] and the present books need be expected; and indeed none is convincingly made."

<sup>2</sup> See *ELH*, XIX, 166-7. The reference to epic is clear, if in nothing else, in the phrase "into the middest," from an Horatian context dealing particularly with epic; it is equally clear that the form implied and described by the passage cited has nothing in common with epic except the number of books.

<sup>3</sup> He repeats this gloss, again without citing authority, in *PMLA*, LXXIII (1958), 328, in a paper which, by its close and careful analysis of narrative parallels between Books I and II, demonstrates effectively that the form of

neither common nor, I believe, Spenserian. The basic sense of *several* and *severally* in Spenser involves a concept of *distribution* (of objects or actions among agents) which, according to context, may or may not imply that the objects or actions differ one from another; and "individual(ly)" or "respective(ly)" is usually an adequate gloss. The passages of the poem in which *several* occurs are:

I. iii. 16: "a heauy load . . . Of . . . pillage seuerall." Cited in *O.E.D.* to illustrate *several*, sense 5: "Consisting of different elements or parts; of diverse origin or composition." The sense is not precise, but "of diverse origin" (which implies nothing about the nature of the pillage) will fit as well as "consisting of different elements."

II. ix. 31: "The rest [of the kitchen servants] had seuerall offices assind." The sense is "individual"; the offices were in fact different, but the point made is that they did not overlap: one group had one duty, another group another.

III. iii. 32: "call Their sundry kings to do their homage seuerall." The sense is "individual": each king, in doing homage, acts as an individual. Here "different" distorts the sense: there is no reason to suppose that one king's homage differs essentially from another's.

VI. i. 10: "So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted seuerall." Cited by *O.E.D.* to illustrate *several*, sense B (quasi-adverb). "Each in his own . . . way" (*O.E.D.* gloss) or "each to his own way" is the sense.

VI. v. 14: "their sundry powres they did employ, And seueral deceipts." The sense is "respective, individual": each enemy uses his own particular kind of deceit.

VI. ix. 15: "each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall care Gathered." The sense is "individual": each shepherd exerts his care over his own particular flock, and not over anyone else's. Presumably one shepherd's care for his flock does not differ from another's.

It appears from the above that, when in Spenser's usage *several* qualifies a plural noun, difference of objects or actions is implied, but that this is not the main emphasis involved; what is emphasized is a one-to-one distribution of single objects or actions to single agents. So, in our passage, *several* and *severally* emphasize the following points concerning the proceedings at the Fairy Queen's feast and concerning the structure of the poem: that, on each of the twelve days of the feast, one quest (and no more) was allotted; that one knight (and no more) was assigned to each quest; and that one quest (and no more) is "handled and discoursed" in each book of the poem.<sup>4</sup> That

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the poem up to the end of Book II is in fact repetitive in the sense in which I so defined it (*ELH*, xix, 166-7).

<sup>4</sup>This is confirmed by the earlier passage: "of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones . . . Of which these three bookees contayn three. The first of the knight of the Redcrosse. . . . The seconde of Sir Guyon. . . . The third of Britomartis": a passage which describes, what Books I-III exemplify, a one-to-one distribution of knights and virtues to books. If Professor Hamilton's gloss were justified, such a distribution so described and exemplified could at best be seen as accidental, since the gloss implies that the passage "vpon which xii. seuerall dayes . . . discoursed" says nothing about the distribution of knights and virtues to books.

any one adventure is different from any other goes without saying (if it were not, we should be faced with a poem, not of twelve books, but of one book printed twelve times); but that the *treatment* of any one adventure differs from the treatment of any other is neither stated nor implied by "seuerally handled and discoursed," where *severally* means "Separately, individually; each of a number of . . . things by . . . itself; each successively in turn" or "independently" or "respectively" (*O. E. D.*, senses 1-3); and not "in a different manner in each book." Since Professor Hamilton's view that "the poem's structure [as described in the Letter] is not repetitive" depends upon this last and untenable gloss on *severally*, nothing prevents us from seeing in the Letter, as far as it describes the poem at all, an account of repetitive structure.

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W. J. B. OWEN

## The Devil and Pharaoh's Chivalry

In describing the hapless state of Satan's fallen legions Milton employs three different comparisons to express essentially the same concept. "Autumnal Leaves," "scattered sedge," the "floating Carrasses and broken Chariot Wheels" of Pharaoh's host—all three members of this extended simile have the same ultimate referent, "Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns." Leaves, sedge, and the ruined Egyptian army are analogous to Satan's routed host. Corresponding to the "Brooks in *Vallombrosa*" and the Red Sea is the "inflamed Sea," the "burning Lake" of Hell.

Milton's own explicit statement of the "point of resemblance" for all three comparisons is phrased in somewhat different terms from those of Whaler's analysis of this simile:

. . . so thick bestrown  
*Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood. . . .*

This statement appears at the end of the comparison and obviously summarizes the common meaning of all three members. Moreover, the significant "points of resemblance" are still further emphasized by verbal repetition. "Thick" appears twice, in lines 302 and 311. The concept of dispersion is underlined by a similar reiteration—"strow" (302), "scattered" (304), "bestrown" (311), and, finally, Satan's own reference to "scatter'd Arms and Ensigns" in 325. The verb "orethrew" (306) anticipates "abject" in 312; and Satan himself echoes "abject" (322) and "lost" (316).

Fundamental to all three comparisons and their common referent, finally, is the idea of "covering the Flood"—the concept of scattered objects floating on a liquid expanse (the brooks of Tuscany, the Red Sea, the infernal lake). This concept had already received expression in 51-53,

. . . he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
Confounded though immortal:

and we encounter it again (324-325) on Satan's own lips:

Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood  
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns.

Except for Whaler's reference to the patristic identification of Pharaoh and Satan,<sup>1</sup> scholarship has ignored the fact that two of these three comparisons are rooted in Christian exegetical tradition. Commentators on Exodus 14 and 15 had likened the destruction of the Egyptian army to the punishment of the rebel angels, the Red Sea to the fiery lake of Hell, and Pharaoh himself to Lucifer. Similarly, Isaiah 34:4 ("And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved . . . : and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree") had been interpreted as an allusion to the Last Judgment and the final expulsion of the evil spirits from their aerial seats into Hell.

Jerome explained Isaiah 34:4 as a reference to the fate of the evil angels on Judgment Day; the host of Heaven would wither and fall away like leaves at the approach of cold weather:

. . . et tabescat omnis militia vel fortitudo coelorum . . . in similitudinem foliorum, quae appropinquate frigore, arentia atque contracta de vinea et fiebus deflunt.<sup>2</sup>

According to Herveus, Isaiah's leaf-simile described the devils' hopeless alienation from their pristine state:

"Et omnis militia eorum defluet sicut folium de fiel," quia sicut arboris folium postquam aruerit et ceciderit, nequaquam virescit, et in arborem revertitur, sed in terra putrescit, ita spiritus illi de coelestibus lapsi nequaquam

<sup>1</sup> "The Miltonic Simile," *PMLA*, XLVI (1931), 1047; see Rupertus, *P.L.* CLXX, col. 73, and CLXVII, col. 569, and S. Bruno Carthusianus, *P.L.*, CL, col. 1349.

<sup>2</sup> *P.L.*, XXIV, cols. 370-71. Cf. *Glossa Ordinaria*, *P.L.*, CXIII, col. 1277; Haymo of Halberstadt, *P.L.*, CXVI, cols. 890-91.

in pristinum statum reducentur, aut per poenitentiam revirescent, sed in gehennalibus poenis aeternaliter putrescent.<sup>2</sup>

Though Milton's comparison of the defeated angels to fallen leaves derives from Scriptural tradition, the detail of "the Brooks in *Vallombrosa*" is his own addition.<sup>4</sup> It serves to complete the simile by providing an analogue to the fiery flood of 312 and the Red Sea of 306.

Although the immersion of Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea was sometimes interpreted as a symbol of baptism,<sup>5</sup> it was frequently regarded as an allusion to the Day of Judgment. Thus Origen explained Exodus 15:1 in terms of Christ's second advent and Satan's destruction:

... cum venerit in gloria Patris et sanctorum angelorum, cum venerit in maiestate sua judicare terram, quando et verum Pharaonem, id est diabolum interficiet spiritu oris sui. . . .

The Red Sea represented the fiery floods into which the rebel angels would be hurled on Judgment Day:

Isti ergo terni statores sunt angeli nequam de exercitu Pharaonis . . . , quos demergit Dominus in Rubrum mare, et ignitis eos in judicii die fluctibus tradet, ac poenarum pelago teget. . . .<sup>6</sup>

A Middle English commentary on "The Song of Moses" (Exodus 15) provides a similar interpretation:

... þe cartis of Farao, þat is, þe boostful pride of the devel, and his oost, þat is, alle unriȝtwise men þat serven to him as hise trewe knyȝtis . . . hem he caste into þe see, þat is, alle siche on domesday schal Crist caste wiþ þe devel, fadir of alle þe children of pride, into þe bittir peyne of helle wiþouten eende.

Thus Pharaoh's "electi principes" ("þe chosone princis of Sathan") shall be "drenchid in þe Reed see of eendeless fier." The "waters of the sea" (Exodus 15:19) symbolize "þe peynes of helle."<sup>7</sup>

Similarly, Rabanus Maurus identified "the enemy" (Exodus 15:6)

<sup>2</sup> *P. L.*, CLXXXI, col. 323.

<sup>3</sup> In his "Pindarique Ode" on "The 34 Chapter of the Prophet *Isaiah*" Cowley anticipates Milton in describing Isaiah's leaves as autumnal. The host of Heaven shall fall "Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in Autumn fall." *Poems* (London, 1656), p. 49.

<sup>4</sup> *P. L.*, CLII, col. 1348; XXXIX, cols. 1635, 1791-93; CLXXV, col. 655.

<sup>5</sup> *P. G.*, XII, cols. 332, 334. Cf. Bede, *P. L.*, XC, col. 311; Rabanus, *P. L.*, CVIII, cols. 68-9; Strabus, *P. L.*, CXIII, cols. 227-28.

<sup>6</sup> Thomas Arnold (ed.), *Select English Works of John Wyclif*, III (Oxford, 1871), 19, 23.

with Lucifer, and "the waters" (Exodus 15:8) with the sulphurous lake of Hell:

*Dextera tua, Domine, . . . percussit inimicum. . . . Quae inimicum verum et antiquum hostem per crucis mysterium interfecit, et per mortem destruxit eum qui habebat mortis imperium, id est, diabolum, . . . atque draconem, serpentem videlicet antiquum: qui cauda sua detraxit tertiam partem siderum, et misit in stagnum ignis ardantis, qui paratus est sibi et angelis ejus.*<sup>9</sup>

Thus the comparisons between Pharaoh's chivalry and the devil's angels, between the Red Sea and the fiery floods were traditional.<sup>10</sup> The terms of Milton's simile involved a theological commonplace. He presented them, however, in reverse order, taking Hell rather than the Red Sea as his point of departure.

As the name Pharaoh had been traditionally etymologized as meaning *dissipans*, *dissipator*, or *dissipatio*,<sup>11</sup> there may be a certain degree of irony in Milton's reiterated emphasis on the scattered state of the fallen angels. Primarily, however, his stress on the concept of dispersion is based on Biblical diction, which frequently expressed the action of divine wrath through the term *scattering*.<sup>12</sup> Thus Ezekiel 29:12, 30:23, and 30:26 involve threats to "scatter the Egyptians." Numbers 10:35 and Psalm 68:1 pray that God's "enemies be scattered." The Magnificat (Luke 1:51) rejoices that God has "scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."

Though Isaiah's leaf-simile and the passage in Exodus describing the fate of Pharaoh's army were traditionally interpreted in terms of the Last Judgment, Milton exploits both of these allusions to portray the state of the fallen angels after their initial fall from Heaven. His approach has some foundation in Biblical exegesis, inasmuch as expositors of Isaiah 34:4 and Exodus 14 and 15 had frequently cited

<sup>9</sup> *P. L.*, cviii, cols. 69-70.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Rupertus, *P. L.*, clxvii, cols. 645-47: "Tunc proiecit, et ex tunc propriece non desinit illum in mare, nobis quidem vitreum, et Spiritus sancti igne mistum; illi autem piceum, igneumque ac sulphureum." ". . . sed dum nos per illud mare vitreum transimus, ille in profundum inferni projicitur. Hoc valde gloriosum est quod sic fecit Dominus. Olim ascensorem istum, 'In coelum ascendam, dicentem, et supra astra Dei exaltabo solium meum (*Isa.* xiv)', detraxit, et proiecit in istum aerem caliginosum: nunc autem . . . dejecit in profundum laci, in barathrum ardantis inferni." "Ita quasi vir pugnator Pharaonis aerei, quo super altitudinem nubium equitare se credit, ut esset Altissimo similis (*Isa.* xiv), et exercitum ejus tam vittorum quam daemonum, quos proposuerat in templis vel delubris gentium, projecit in mare."

<sup>11</sup> *P. L.*, lxxxii, col. 278; clii, col. 1349.

<sup>12</sup> For additional instances, see *Cruden's Complete Concordance* (London, 1930), s. v. *scatter*, *scattered*, *scattereth*, *scattering*.

texts referring to Satan's original rebellion and lapse.<sup>12</sup> Although Hartman's opinion that the "scenes the poet himself calls up mimick hell's defeat before Satan's voice is fully heard"<sup>13</sup> may derive support from the conventional interpretation of Isaiah 34:4 and Exodus 15 in terms of Judgment Day, Milton's primary referent in this passage is not the devils' future defeat, but the effect of their original overthrow by Messiah.

Although Milton's allusion to "the Brooks In *Vallombrosa*" may indeed represent a "memory of the Italian forests in autumn," its chief value probably resides in its etymology. Not only does its name ("shadowy vale") evoke the Biblical "valley of the shadow of death" (Psalm 23:4), but Milton himself underlines its literal meaning by referring in the same verse to "*Etrurian shades*." This is obviously an appropriate comparison for the regions of "doleful shades" (65) and "utter darkness."

The allusion to "scattered sedge" serves primarily as a transitional figure between the leaf-simile and the comparison with Pharaoh's cavalry. Like the former it involves a vegetation-metaphor. Like the latter it contains a reference to the Red Sea. Although it appears, at first glance, to be simply another instance of natural detail enriched by geographical allusion, it really introduces the final simile, which is based neither on nature nor on geography, but on Biblical history.

Atlanta

JOHN M. STEADMAN

## The Motif of the Wise Old Man in *Walden*

Thoreau's most concrete justification of his self-exile to the cabin on Walden Pond is voiced early in Chapter I. Yet, contradictorily, the later vindication of his action in Chapter II, the tediously repeated "I went to the woods because . . .,"<sup>1</sup> has monopolized the attention

<sup>12</sup> Rupertus, *P. L.*, CLXVIII, cols. 645-50; Jerome, *P. L.*, XXIV, col. 371. Cf. Gregory the Great, *P. L.*, LXXIX, col. 187, "Quid ergo Aegypti nomine accipiatur, nisi a coelorum sedibus angelorum lapsa multitudo?"

<sup>13</sup> Geoffrey Hartman, "Milton's Counterplot," *ELH*, XXV (1928), 7.

<sup>1</sup> (New York: Harper's Modern Classics, 1950), p. 118. All parenthetical page references hereafter are to this edition. According to the text of the first version of the work, this passage was only slightly altered in the six revisions that followed, J. Lyndon Shanley, *The Making of Walden* (Chicago, 1957), p. 141.

of critics. But as the first statement clearly attests, his search for the intrinsic meaning of life is incited by a radical defect in social organization, the failure of the old men of his culture to pass on to the succeeding generations an enduring legacy of wisdom:

Practically, the old have no very important advice to give to the young, their own experience has been so partial, and their lives have been such miserable failures, for private reasons, as they must believe; and it may be that they have some faith left which belies that experience, and they are only less young than they were. I have lived for thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors. They have told me nothing, and probably cannot tell me anything, to the purpose. Here is life, an experiment to a great extent untried by me; but it does not avail me that they have tried it. If I have any experience which I think valuable, I am sure to reflect that this my Mentors said nothing about (p. 9).

The rubric of the capitalized "Mentors" in this passage suggests, of course, an association with one of the archetypal Wise Old Men of Greek mythology or proto-history, the sage and faithful counselor of Ulysses.<sup>2</sup> But as Thoreau indicates, the elder in his society is not conscious of the responsibility to enact a similar role, for advanced age is now only a sign of pathetic resignation.

This awareness lurks behind every argument that Thoreau uses in the final version of the book to justify his experiment in the woods (and this, I would say, becomes the chief function of the first three chapters). Indeed, the initial sketch of Chapter I contains only one allusion to the figure of the Wise Old Man;<sup>3</sup> the final revision includes five more. And they embrace the traditional sages of the great cultures of the world: the Judaeo-Christian, Roman, Chinese, Greek, and Hindu. Quite significantly, each of these ancients, despite the radical contrasts of time, civilization, race, color, and religion, promulgates a similar view of life, in particular a direct concern with the problems of immediate existence, as opposed to abstract theorizing about the ideals of human conduct. This is the wisdom of experience, the lesson of life that the aged custodians of values in Thoreau's society have never learned. And, ironically, the contemporary usurpers of their role, the academic philosophers, are also oblivious to this fundamental

<sup>2</sup> This image is not included in the first version. However, in the final draft it climaxes an extensive elaboration of the following brief comment: "What old people can't do, you try and find that you can,—Age seems no better hardly so well qualified for an instructor as youth, for it has not profited so much as it has lost," *The Making of Walden*, p. 109.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 137. The reference is to Sadi the Persian poet and mystic.

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truth: "There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers. Yet it is admirable to profess because it was once admirable to live. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust" (p. 17).<sup>4</sup> Here, of course, "to profess" is to be read sarcastically as "to pretend."

This interpolation accords with Thoreau's admiration for the savant in his engrossment with life alone (and this, no doubt, will always remain the attraction of the modern Existentialist). A case in point is the prototype of Biblical sapience who is depicted in routine supervision of the affairs of husbandry: "'Solomon prescribed ordinances for the very distance of trees'" (p. 10). Inevitably, then, Thoreau connects the Chinese Confucius with a pithy crystallization of experience: "'To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge'" (p. 12). And when later he refers to the paragon of the Roman ethos, Marcus Porcius Cato, it is in terms of a thrifty recipe for bread, the very one he himself uses on the shores of Walden (p. 81). The crucial allusion to the Greek Mentor, of course, also implies practical intelligence, the conduct of domestic business. Yet, mythologically, this faithful friend of Ulysses is at other times the mouthpiece of Pallas-Athene, the goddess of wisdom. The single original citation of the Wise Old Man in Chapter I is likewise associated with sensible advice, for Thoreau applies Sadi's maxim on benevolence to the treatment of visitors to his cabin: "'if thy hand has plenty, be liberal as the date tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an azad, or free man, like the cypress.'" The last configuration of the motif illuminates, I think, the moral implications of *Walden*: "How much more admirable the Bhagavat-Geeta than all the ruins of the East" (p. 74). This covert apotheosis of the demigod Krishna takes note of the religious eclecticism of the sacred scripture in question; and, suggestively, the Hindu savior assumes the guise of an old man in order to convey this universal way of faith to a young prince, Arjuna, who is the hero of the Sanskrit epic, the *Mahabharata*. But, ultimately, the god of the Wise Old Man, as of Thoreau, is never the frozen idol of a creed.

It would be gratuitous, under the circumstances, to pursue this motif any further. Every analogy of knowledge in *Walden* subsumes

\*This passage is not included in the first version.

the presence of the Wise Old Man: he is the hero with a thousand faces. He guides youth in the quest for self-fulfillment, pointing out the many paths that can be followed. He gives him not merely information but faith in his capacity for endless transformation. The choice of the way is the individual's.<sup>5</sup> When a culture fails to provide this kind of instruction for its young, it has lost its resiliency; it has closed itself in the vise of complacency and ignorance—Thoreau's evaluation of his times.

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## The Two "Voices" in *Huckleberry Finn*

Robert Hunting's note on the "different voice" in chapters 21 and 22 of *Huckleberry Finn* (*MLN*, April 1958) suggests a dichotomy within the novel and also a serious flaw in Mark Twain's art. My purpose is in part to answer Hunting's argument and in part to support it and to develop what appear to me to be further implications.

Summarized briefly, Hunting's view is that the lack of compassion throughout the scenes describing a backward Arkansaw town, the murder of Boggs, and the abortive attempt to lynch Colonel Sherburn violates the established character of Huckleberry Finn, narrator in the tale. In these almost "dead-pan observations of a clinician" Hunting hears not the voice of "compassionate Huck" but of another, who he thinks may be "Mark Twain himself, having his say about the 'damned human race.'".

Certainly there is much that is perceptive in this reading, but I cannot agree that "in point of view and in tone" these chapters "stand apart from the rest of the novel." Rather I find them in keeping with the novel as a whole and contributing to Huck's development. To support this interpretation I wish to compare the Arkansaw chapters with other portions of the novel in two ways: first, in the method used in presenting issues of good and evil; and second, in

<sup>5</sup> See my "Walden: The Wisdom of the Centaur," *ELH*, xxv (September, 1958), 194-215, for an interpretation of Thoreau's journey into selfhood. In the complementary poem of Chapter I in the final version, he identifies his teacher as Chiron, the ubiquitous Wise Old Man of Greek mythology. This centaur figure, it would appear, provides the wisdom for the resolution of Thoreau's personal conflict in *Walden*.

relation to the two "voices" of Huck Finn and Mark Twain mentioned above.

It is commonly recognized that good and evil form a major theme of *Huckleberry Finn*. The author's manner of intermixing these qualities affects the tone of the novel and tends to unify Huck's adventures, including those in the degenerate Arkansaw town. Examples of such mingling of good and evil may be found in many sections of the novel. For instance, as the Grangerford-Shepherdson feud nears its climax both clans attend church on Sunday but keep their guns handy or within reach (Chap. 18). Under these circumstances the sermon is a pointed one, "all about brotherly love," but no one seems conscious of the incongruity; instead, "everybody said it was a good sermon, and they all talked it over going home." Later, when Huck returns and finds some hogs lying on the cool floor inside the church, he remarks pointedly: "If you notice, most folks don't go to church only when they've got to; but a hog is different." My point here is the quick reversals of good and evil. It is good that the feuding families attend church, but bad that they bring their guns; the sermon is good but the use made of it obtuse, even hypocritical. In this context Huck's comment on the hogs becomes doubly ironic, in that even the church-going which the clans indulge in only hardens them in self-righteous cruelty. Another example of mixing good and evil comes at the end of the feud, when Huck's pity at the shooting of Buck Grangerford is preceded immediately by Buck's vengeful outburst against Harney, the only Shepherdson who loves a Grangerford (Chap. 18). Possibly the most elaborate intermingling of ethical qualities occurs in an earlier scene on the raft (Chap. 16), in which Huck wavers repeatedly between "good" and "bad" resolutions to turn Jim over to the authorities as an escaped slave; all the time Huck's conscience is in contrast to the reader's probable sense of right, and Huck finally is able to act on his compassion for Jim only by telling deliberate falsehoods to fend off the men searching for runaway slaves. In doing so, he appeals to their human weakness through a story of his "pap's" smallpox, and they in turn, to salve their consciences, do "good" by offering charity to Huck and his supposed father. In this incident the inversions of good and evil continue until almost all semblance of moral stability is lost.

Turning now to the Arkansaw episodes (Chaps. 21-22), we find a similar technique used in approaching good and evil. The most repulsive of these scenes presents the village loafers moving from indolence

to sadism without revealing a spark of active virtue. In Huck's description, however, the good still enters. The laziness is so complete that replacing it with any animation should be "good," and so it seems until we learn the occasion: "There couldn't anything wake them up all over . . . like a dog-fight—unless it might be putting turpentine on a stray dog and setting fire to him" (Chap. 21). The reader's disgust is heightened by the admixture of good, however momentary, in the introductory "wake them up all over," and the resultant ironic tone resembles that which pervades Huck's earlier narration.

The events which follow involve Boggs and Sherburn, and in these the motivation itself alternates between good and evil (with good running a poor second). Boggs, being a coward, shows a touch of regeneration when he gains the fortitude, even aided by whiskey, to stand up for his beliefs; but he chooses a scurrilous way of doing so and insults the Colonel. When Boggs's life is threatened, the crowd ceases its earlier derision and seems genuinely concerned for his safety. Next Boggs's daughter comes to save him but only arrives in time to witness his murder. That action arouses the crowd to a desire for justice; but this mild virtue, like Boggs's courage, is wrongly channeled, this time into a lynching bee which fails because of cowardice. The final ambiguity sees the manliness and courage with which Sherburn faces down the mob—admirable qualities in themselves—subverted into corrosive scorn for his fellow-beings. The impression left by these scenes is that men are either despicable or ineffectual, and in creating this effect the same means are employed as elsewhere in the novel, namely a paradoxical interplay of good and evil.

Moreover, the function of these Arkansaw episodes seems to be in keeping with that of Huck's other experiences. I do not feel that the narrator here is callous and unsympathetic (as Hunting implies); rather he is stunned. He sees much and thinks little. He notices the "sweet and gentle-looking" daughter of Boggs as well as the bullet hole in the dying man's chest. Huck is being educated through shock. Whereas previously he has avoided moral decisions, now he has beheld human meanness until he has arrived nearly at the point where he must make judgments and take moral action himself, as he does in most later events.

As I stated above, in these two chapters Hunting hears the voice of Mark Twain intruding upon Huckleberry Finn's. In this I agree, but I would not limit the intrusion to the chapters in question. Not

infrequently Huck seems oblivious of implications which are clear to the reader. Early in the story Tom and Huck swear a "real beautiful oath" that becomes more beautiful the bloodier it gets (Chap. 2). Without stepping out of his boyhood character, it is impossible for Huck to share the humor which adult readers find in this passage. To take a more serious example, does Huck himself reflect upon the inconsistency between carrying guns to church and praising sermons on brotherly love (Chap. 18)? Since his comment at the time deals only with the tiresomeness of Sunday talk, the satiric overtone seems to come from outside and beyond his consciousness, although no one can define the exact limits of Huck's sensitivity.

The author's voice becomes more dominant in situations where ironic perception cannot be credited to Huck without destroying his motivation. An outstanding example occurs during Huck's period of indecision aboard the raft. Jim grows so elated at the prospect of freedom that he declares he will save his money and "buy his wife, which was owned on a farm close to where Miss Watson lived; and then they would both work to buy the two children, and if their master wouldn't sell them, they'd get an Ab'litionist to go and steal them" (Chap. 16). Huck's reaction is instantaneous:

It most froze me to hear such talk. . . . Thinks I, this is what comes of my not thinking. Here was this nigger, which I had as good as helped to run away, coming right out flat-footed and saying he would steal his children—children that belonged to a man I didn't even know; a man that hadn't ever done me no harm.

Here juxtaposition of details brings the clash between human and property rights forcibly before the reader: should Jim's wife and children "belong to" their "owner" more than to himself? But is Huck aware of these incongruities? Rather, the argument is his own and he takes it straightforwardly, as is evidenced by its being his only possible motivation for leaving to "tell" on Jim. Clearly the author is manipulating Huck's narrative to superimpose a powerful commentary of his own. The thoughts are Huckleberry Finn's but the signification Mark Twain's.

As Huck matures there is less need to add a "different voice." He has formed convictions and can express his own ironies. Nevertheless certain ambiguities persist to the end. In the famous conclusion of the novel, Huck resists civilizing because, as he says, he has "been there before." Is this only the folk-image of the perennial boy, who hates school and loves the life of the river? Or is it the other "voice,"

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that of one who has seen too much of Arkansaw towns and is prepared to renounce the "damned human race"? Have the two speakers become one? Much depends upon the "voice" one hears in *Huckleberry Finn*.

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### Awkward Ages in *The Awkward Age*

Two criticisms have been brought against *The Awkward Age*—it is obscure, and its people are too attenuated. Insofar as such difficulties result from James's deliberate choice of a highly stylized and limited technique, we cannot object without denying the book's right to exist. But if these conditions manifest themselves in the book's own world, after we have accepted it, as internal inconsistency and uncertainty of focus, we have good grounds for adverse judgment. I suggest that two hitherto unnoted inconsistencies in *The Awkward Age* reveal an uncertainty in one of its main conceptions and give us reason to judge the book flawed in this respect by sentimentality.

In their specific manifestations both inconsistencies relate to the ages of two principal characters. In the opening chapter Mr. Longdon tells Vanderbank the story of his unhappy love for Lady Julia, Mrs. Brook's mother, and discloses in passing that he was also briefly in love with Van's widowed mother before Lady Julia. "That was my seventh year," comments Van (p. 21).<sup>1</sup> So before Mr. Longdon loved and lost Lady Julia to Mrs. Brook's father, Van was seven years old; therefore Van must be at least that much older than Mrs. Brook. Yet, although on page 3 we have been explicitly told that he is thirty-four, on page 27 we read: "Mrs. Brookenham [normally referred to as "Mrs. Brook"] was, in her forty-first year . . ."—which would make him seven years younger. The second point concerns Mr. Longdon's age. He has been living in retirement for "a matter of thirty years" (p. 2), beginning at a time when Lady Julia's daughter had "just cease[d] to be a child" (p. 22). Since girls cease to be children before their teens, this is consistent with Mrs. Brook's now being forty-one. But Mr. Longdon was certainly well into his twenties when he proposed to Lady Julia, and at least a

<sup>1</sup> Page references are to the Anchor Books edition (New York, 1958).

year must have passed between his refusal and the birth of Mrs. Brook. Consequently he must now be sixty-five or older. Yet all we are told about his age is that "he had at all events, conclusively, doubled the Cape of the years [i.e.? passed the age of fifty]—he would never again see fifty-five" (p. 3). Of course this would be true in a sense even if he is sixty-five or more, but its effect, probably intended, is to make us envisage him as being considerably younger.

Both these inconsistencies may be explained in the light of the book's plot. The main emotional issue of the story is the fate of Nanda Brookenham: will she get married before she is spoiled by her mother's circle? Van is made out to be thirty-four instead of forty-eight so that the question whether or not he will marry her will have some weight for us. (There is, of course, no need to infer that James was aware of the inconsistencies, or that this suggested motivation was conscious on his part.) The situation is already unreal enough, as Ezra Pound pointed out: "There is also the constant implication that Vanderbank ought to want Nanda, though why the devil he should be supposed to be even mildly under this obligation, is not made clear."<sup>2</sup> The only possible reason is that she is romantically in love with him. But if he were allowed to be thirty years older than she, this love would be very difficult to accept, and James's plot would break down.

Since Van does not, in the event, marry Nanda, there must be an alternative future offered her, satisfying if less romantic, and it is Mr. Longdon's function to represent this. He is a very sympathetic figure, and James, who at the time of publication had just turned fifty-five, apparently put a lot of himself into his creation, with the result that a slight haze of sentiment surrounds him throughout. His idealized love for Lady Julia, for example, can hardly escape the charge of sentimentality, since we are given so little basis for it—merely "Lady Julia had everything" (p. 15). James's indulgent attitude accounts for the uncertainty about Longdon's age, and influences the treatment of the relation in which he and Nanda go off to live at the end of the book. The nature of this relation is deliberately kept obscure. Critics have generally taken it to be adoption, Yvor Winters alone suggesting the alternative: "Finally she goes off with Mr. Longdon, either to be adopted by him, or to marry him, pre-

<sup>2</sup>"Henry James" (1918), in *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, ed. T. S. Eliot (Norfolk, Conn., 1954), p. 325.

sumably the latter.”<sup>3</sup> While we probably neither can nor are meant to decide finally between them, it is important to realize that both possibilities have been created and kept alive by what preceded, adoption in ways sufficiently obvious and marriage by allusions and hints.

One such hint occurs when Mr. Longdon tells Nanda he wishes she would marry.

“It’s lovely of you to wish it, but I shall be one of the people who don’t I shall be at the end,” said Nanda, “one of those who haven’t.”

“No, my child,” he returned gravely—“you shall never be anything so sad.”

“Why not—if *you’ve* been?”

He looked at her a little, quietly; then, putting out his hand, passed her own into his arm. “Exactly because I have” (p. 157).

Undoubtedly this records the moment of his decision to make his offer of a dowry to encourage Van, but does it not also imply (note the symbolic linking of arms) that if Van still fails to come through he will marry her himself? Later, in the only scene in the book between Nanda and her mother, such an idea seems readily enough conceivable for Mrs. Brook to ask insistently, “Does he, my dear, want to marry you?” Nanda’s answer is “a short ironic ‘Yes!’ that showed her first impatience,” but the suggestion has been evoked, and it is not lessened by the answer she gives to the succeeding question, “Does he want to *adopt* you?” “What it comes to,” she says, “seems to be that I’m really what you may call adopting *him*” (p. 219). At their final interview Mr. Longdon is nervous in the way a lover would be. He speaks of their “trysting place” (p. 359). He has been so anxious for her answer to his proposal that he has been wandering around all day in a daze, and he refers to himself as “the absolutely passive thing you’ve made of me” (p. 361). In a gentle reproach he tells her, “It would be easier for me . . . if you didn’t, my poor child, so wonderfully love him [Vanderbank]”—upon which Nanda tearfully denies that she does (p. 365). She agrees to go with Longdon, as he puts it, “never again to leave me—or to *be left*” (p. 366), and they exchange a chaste kiss.\*

\* *Maule’s Curse*, in *In Defense of Reason* (Denver, 1947), p. 321.

\* Two phrases on the last page contribute to the blurring of age distinctions. Nanda’s perceptive explanation of why she is “extraordinary” makes her seem, “as she wound up, a very much older person than her friend [Longdon].” And Van, who was unable to see that “everything’s different from what it used to be,” is agreed to be much “more old-fashioned” than Longdon.

May we not conclude, then, that in this scene James is trying to have it both ways, trying to give himself and us the emotional resolution of a marriage for Nanda without squarely facing the embarrassing disparity in age between her and Mr. Longdon. The momentum of the story—and in particular of Mr. Longdon's moral growth from his first interest in Nanda because of her physical resemblance to Lady Julia to the final stage, which Vanderbank never reached, of "taking me as I am" (p. 368)—demands something more than adoption in the way of conclusion, while the age difference, which adds up to nearly half a century as between Nanda and one who had proposed to her grandmother, makes it impossible for James to tell us explicitly that the two are to be married. Hence the muffled effect. Whatever, if any, biographical implications such evasiveness may have, artistically it indicates an uncertainty in James's conception of one of his main themes. *The Awkward Age* exacts close reading of a kind that is not passively attentive but actively questioning, and when we so read it we find that not all the questions that arise can be satisfactorily answered.

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### *The Ambassadors and Louis Lambert*

In the first chapter of *The Ambassadors* Henry James casually points out through Maria Gostrey the similarity between the name of his hero, Lewis Lambert Strether, and that of Balzac's hero in *Louis Lambert*.<sup>1</sup> Though critics sometimes mention this fact, they have failed to see that James' artful borrowing from Balzac serves as an ironic commentary on the overly-spiritualized philosophy propounded by Balzac's Swedenborgian protagonist.

*Louis Lambert* is a dialectical novel in which Balzac focuses attention on his hero's attempt to reconcile the seeming antagonism between the material and spiritual sides of man's nature. Lambert's story is told by a college classmate who sympathetically listens to his friend's reports of "astounding mystical facts" and pursues with him speculations on the ideal life. The narrator declares Lambert's thinking to be dominated by his "theory of angels," according to which an

<sup>1</sup> Henry James, *The Ambassadors* (New York, 1909), I, 11.

angel is defined as "an individual in whom the inner being has triumphed over the outward being."<sup>2</sup> This concern with man's dual nature and with the celebration of the inner or spiritual man culminates in Lambert's *Treatise of the Will*, a work inspired by Lambert's trip to a country scene which, he believes, his spirit had already visited while his body slept.

Though Lambert's pursuit of the ideal is once endangered by his experiencing a strong sexual passion, he finally falls in love with the "angelic" Mademoiselle de Villenois, to whom he writes highly spiritualized love letters. Several days before their wedding, however, Lambert suffers an attack of catalepsy, from which he recovers only to be haunted by the fear that he is impotent. Indeed, his neurosis is so extreme that he is barely prevented from "performing on himself the operation to which Origen supposed he owed his gifts."<sup>3</sup> Yet, though Lambert's kindly uncle and the world consider him insane, Mademoiselle de Villenois, who remains loyal to him, insists that he has triumphed over his body and entered a spiritual realm from which ordinary mortals are excluded. The narrator, too, refuses to believe in Lambert's insanity; indeed he also suggests that Lambert's flight into mysticism has enabled him to transcend reality.

Though *The Ambassadors* has none of the heavy didacticism of *Louis Lambert*, it is basically concerned with a similar theme. For a major part of the novel, Strether resembles Lambert in being guided by an idealism which so exalts the spiritual that it denies the existence of the physical. Only too readily accepting Little Bilham's gentlemanly lie, that Chad's attachment to Madame de Vionnet is a "virtuous" one, he enlists his active imagination to embellish the relationship as ideal and spiritual. James, however, presents the idea-ridden Strether not as a transcendent genius like Lambert, but as a deluded romanticist who must be compelled to recognize the complexity of reality before he can become the "complete man" Miss Gostrey finally pronounces him.

Strether's awakening ironically takes place in a pastoral scene reminiscent of the one which inspired Lambert to write his treatise. Strether's imaginative attempt to view the scene in terms of a painting by Lambinet which he had once seen in Boston and "quite absurdly, never forgotten" resembles Lambert's spiritual familiarity with the

<sup>2</sup> Honoré de Balzac, *Louis Lambert*, trans. Katharine Prescott Wormley (Boston, 1889), p. 41.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 129.

lanscape before his body had actually visited it. In *The Ambassadors*, however, the beauty of the idyllic scene is dashed for Strether when he is forced to see Chad and Madame de Vionnet as lovers. Now aware of the "lie in the charming affair," he realizes that his preposterous idealism had falsified reality by overspiritualizing it. He does not, like Lambert, escape into an ethereal region where sex does not exist; instead, he understands that "intimacy, at such a point was *like* that—and what in the world else would one have wished it to be like?"<sup>4</sup> Maturely conscious "that he had been trying, all along, to suppose nothing,"<sup>5</sup> he ultimately achieves a knowledge which recognizes the validity of spiritual values without denying the existence of man's earthly and physical nature.

There is little doubt that James agrees with the clairvoyant Miss Gostrey when she pronounces *Louis Lambert* an "awfully bad" novel, for Lewis Lambert Strether's hard-earned enlightenment at the end of *The Ambassadors* implies a complete rejection of the thin mysticism propounded by his Balzacian namesake.

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## A Small Crux in Allen Tate's "Death of Little Boys": Postscript

Since publishing in this journal (LXIII [1958], 419-421) a note on the difficult fourth quatrain of Allen Tate's "Death of Little Boys," I have, quite serendipitously, come across another possible source for the "cliff of Norway" image. It is the fifth quatrain of Rimbaud's "Ophélie":

O pâle Ophelia! belle comme la neige!  
Oui, tu mourus, enfant, par un fleuve emporté!  
—C'est que les vents tombant des grands monts de Norwège  
T'avaient parlé tout bas de l'âpre liberté. . . .

Writing this at fifteen, Rimbaud, as I learn, had not read *Hamlet*, but was rather referring to a painting by Millais; and I should guess that he wrote "Norwège" not only out of ignorance but because of the rich opportunities for rhyme that it offered him. Nonetheless, for

\* *The Ambassadors*, II, 266.

\* *Ibid.*, 266.

the literate English reader, at least, *Hamlet* may somehow be implicated in Rimbaud's poem, and so perhaps in Mr. Tate's.

A little alarmed by such proliferating possibilities, I sent Mr. Tate a copy of my original note and pointed out the passage in Rimbaud. He wrote me (18 December 1958) the following reply, from which he has graciously allowed me to quote. For the time being, the last word must be his:

I think the poem was written about 1924, and after so many years it is difficult to remember "sources" and "influences." I do remember that I wrote it shortly after I had read T. Sturge Moore's translation of Rimbaud's "Les Chercheuses de Poux" . . . about a lost child who is cared for by nuns. I have no recollection of ever reading Rimbaud's "Ophélie." I am sure that Hans Andersen had nothing to do with it. It is possible that the passage from Milton was the source, but I doubt it; if it was, it was entirely unconscious. I suppose the safe inference is that the various uses of the Norwegian cliffs, that you cite, are parallels, but perhaps not direct sources. I might argue with you a little when you say that awareness of source can give my image greater precision. Isn't precision either in or not in any presentation of an image? I think Winters is more right than Ransom about the "intuition." Quite obviously I am not the person to claim precision for this or any other image in my poems. . . .

Afterthought: I'm certain *Hamlet* is not there at all!

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## On the Prefatory Pages of *Don Quixote*, Part II

No one in recent years has, I think, been convinced by the argument of Mayáns y Siscar, to the effect that Cervantes himself wrote the third *aprobación* that appears at the beginning of the *Segunda parte del ingenioso caballero Don Quijote de la Mancha* (Madrid, 1615). This official statement of a censor's approval, too generally ignored by subsequent *cervantistas*, is signed "El Licenciado Márquez Torres";<sup>1</sup> Mayáns y Siscar argues, however, that the style is not his but Cervantes', and that the two of them were close enough friends for

<sup>1</sup> The prefatory pages of the first edition of *Don Quixote*, Part II, are available in the modern editions of Schevill and Bonilla (Madrid, 1935), of Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1947-49), and of Martín de Riquer (Barcelona, 1950); my quotations are taken from the Riquer edition. For biographical data on Francisco Márquez Torres, see appendix 21 of Rodríguez Marín's edition (Vol. IX, pp. 276-280).

Cervantes to have had the opportunity to write his own *aprobación*.<sup>2</sup> Admittedly, such internal and circumstantial evidence is not a sufficient basis for Mayáns y Siscar's flat assertion, which amounts to a virtual charge of forgery. And yet, if we read the Márquez Torres *aprobación* together with Cervantes' "Prólogo al lector" and "Dedicatoria al Conde de Lemos," we can easily understand why Mayáns y Siscar felt so sure of himself, for each of the three documents deals, in an apparently coordinated way, with the same two themes, namely, the spurious *Don Quixote* of Avellaneda and the question of patronage for Cervantes. We realize, in fact, that Márquez Torres is comparable to the anonymous friend who so conveniently turns up in the prologue to Part I: he is the focal point of a perspective which is distinct from that of Cervantes, and he can thus speak of the author and his novel in terms that Cervantes himself, speaking *in propria persona*, could never use. At the same time, as Mayáns y Siscar maintains, there is in the style or tone of the *aprobación*, especially in the irony of its closing lines, something that reminds us of Cervantes:

Bien creo que está, para censura, un poco larga: alguno dirá que toca los límites de lisonjero elogio; mas la verdad de lo que cortamente digo deshace en el crítico la sospecha y en mí el cuidado; además que el día de hoy no se lisonjea a quien no tiene con qué cebar el pico del adulador que, aunque afectuosa y falsamente dice de burlas, pretende ser remunerado de veras.

## I

Now in the prefatory pages of Part I, Cervantes had restricted his playful irony to the prologue; the triteness of his dedication to the Duque de Béjar, in particular, has invited annotation by source-hunters (cf. Rodríguez-Marín edition). In the prefatory pages of Part II, on the other hand, the ironic spirit of Cervantes seems rampant. The dedication to the Conde de Lemos is a most informal mixture of *burlas* and *veras*, with its fantastic anecdote of the Emperor of China who wanted to establish a college of Spanish with *Don*

\*Gregorio Mayáns i Siscar, *Vida de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*, 5<sup>a</sup> impresión (Madrid, 1750), pp. 65-66: ". . . el estilo del Licenciado Marquez Torres es metafórico, afectadillo, i pedantesco; como lo manifiestan los *Discursos Consolatorios* . . . ; i al contrario el estilo de la Aprobacion, es puro, natural, i cortesano, i tan parecido al de Cervantes, que no ai cosa en él que le distinga. El Licenciado Márquez era Capellan, i Maestro de Pages de Don Bernardo Sandoval i Rojas, Cardenal, Arzobispo de Toledo, Inquisidor General; i Cervantes era mui favorecido del mismo. . . . Con que ciertamente eran entrambos amigos. . . . Supuesta la amistad, no era mucho, que usasse Cervantes de semejante libertad. Contentese pues el Licenciado Marquez Torres, con que Cervantes le hizo participe de la gloria de su estilo."

*Quixote* as text and Cervantes as rector! But, since the Emperor offered no "ayuda de costa," Cervantes turned him down saying, "Estoy muy sin dineros, y emperador por emperador, y monarca por monarca, en Nápoles tengo al grande conde de Lemos, que, sin tantos titulillos de colegios ni rectorías, me sustenta, me ampara y hace más merced que la que yo acierto a desear."

Though fantastic, this anecdote is akin in style, subject matter, and ironic implications to another, the historicity of which is vouched for by Márquez Torres:

Certifico con verdad que en veinte y cinco de febrero deste año de seiscientos y quince, habiendo ido el ilustrísimo señor don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardenal arzobispo de Toledo, mi señor, a pagar la visita que a Su Ilustrísima hizo el embajador de Francia, que vino a tratar cosas tocantes a los casamientos de sus príncipes y los de España, muchos caballeros franceses de los que vinieron acompañando al embajador, tan corteses como entendidos y amigos de buenas letras, se llegaron a mí y a otros capellanes del cardenal mi señor, deseosos de saber qué libros de ingenio andaban más validos, y tocando a caso en este que yo estaba censurando, apenas oyeron el nombre de Miguel de Cervantes, cuando se comenzaron a hacer lenguas, encareciendo la estimación que, así en Francia como en los reinos sus confinantes, se tenían sus obras: la *Galatea*, que alguno de ellos tiene casi de memoria la primera parte désta, y las *Novelas*. Fueron tantos sus encarecimientos, que me ofrecí llevarles que viesen el autor dellas, que estimaron con mil demostraciones de vivos deseos. Preguntáronme muy por menor su edad, su profesión, calidad y cantidad. Halléme obligado a decir que era viejo, soldado, hidalgo y pobre, a que uno respondió estas formales palabras: "Pues ;a tal hombre no le tiene España muy rico y sustentado del erario público?" Acudió otro de aquellos caballeros con este pensamiento y muy grande agudeza, y dijo: "Si necesidad le ha de obligar a escribir, plega a Dios que nunca tenga abundancia, para que con sus obras, siendo él pobre, haga rico a todo el mundo."

Strictly speaking, this story is irrelevant to an apparently gratuitous *aprobación*.<sup>3</sup> But in it Márquez Torres does make a point, of course,

<sup>3</sup> Márquez Torres was not one of the regular censors; Valdivielso, who was, wrote an *aprobación* that would have been a quite sufficient basis for Cetina's subsequent "nihil obstat," by date the final *aprobación* of the three. (Part I of *Don Quixote* had been published with no *aprobación* at all.) Furthermore, the date of the Márquez Torres *aprobación*, 27 February 1615, is only two days later than the date of the Archbishop's visit to the Duque de Mayenne; in other words, the episode reported by Márquez Torres, which may have led to a visit to Cervantes, must have led to the writing, or at least the completion, of the *aprobación*. The following conclusion seems justifiable: the Márquez Torres *aprobación*, though commissioned by Cetina, was legally superfluous; but, for Cervantes himself, it was a highly desirable bit of prefatory support. Only one question, suggested by Mayáns y Siscar, remains unanswerable: to what extent may Cervantes have helped the younger man (born 1574) with the actual drafting of his *aprobación*?

and one that can do his friend no harm: that Cervantes' world-famous literary accomplishments would be rewarded with a royal pension in any country other than Spain, at least in France (if not in China!).

In his prologue, however, Cervantes emphasizes his gratitude for the patronage that he already has; his patrons are actually the nephew and the uncle of the Duque de Lerma, Philip III's all-powerful *privado* from 1598 to 1618.

Vive el gran conde de Lemos, cuya cristiandad y liberalidad, bien conocida, contra todos los golpes de mi corta fortuna me tiene en pie, y vivame la suma caridad del ilustrísimo de Toledo, don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, y siquiera no haya emprentas en el mundo, y siquiera se impriman contra mí más libros que tienen letras las coplas de Mingo Revulgo.

With protectors such as these, the Viceroy of Naples and the Primate of Spain, Cervantes obviously had little to fear from the pseudonymous Avellaneda, whoever he was and whatever obscure forces he might represent. As a matter of fact, in the passage just quoted, Cervantes is replying quite adequately to the remark in Avellaneda's prologue about his being "falto de amigos."<sup>4</sup>

\* Professor Stephen Gilman has argued, as Don Américo Castro puts it, that Avellaneda "obró, en realidad, como un jefe de bien atrincheradas mayorías que da un paso al frente para increpar y reducir a buen orden al atrevido Cervantes" (see Castro's prologue to Gilman's provocative *Cervantes y Avellaneda: estudio de una imitación* [Méjico: El Colegio de Méjico, 1951], p. 9). But certainly Cervantes seems, in his latter years at least, to have been in a much better fortified position of security within the Spanish court than the very cautiously camouflaged and apparently provincial Avellaneda: the four *dedicatorias* to the Conde de Lemos, written from July of 1613 to April of 1616, are eloquent testimony to continued support from that personage, and we have his autograph letter of thanks, dated 26 March 1616, to the Archbishop of Toledo for "nuevas mercedes." Avellaneda seems envious of Cervantes' own entrenched position when, in his prologue, he sneers, ". . . ahora que se ha acogido a la Iglesia y sagrado" (edition of Barcelona, 1905, p. 4). This may be a reference to the Archbishop of Toledo, or to the fact that, on 17 April 1609, Cervantes had joined the new confraternity of "Esclavos del Santísimo Sacramento." It is possible that, as Avellaneda implies and as Don Américo Castro elsewhere states, "Il prétendait comme cela, élargir son milieu et se préparer des issues" (*Cervantès* [Paris, 1931], p. 68); but though this may be so, one finds it difficult to distinguish an "alarde de ortodoxia" of such proportions from sincere religious devotion (cf. Fernández-Guerra, "Cervantes, esclavo del Santísimo Sacramento," *Ilustración Española y Americana*, xvi [1872], 251-254). Whatever the balance in Cervantes' private intentions between expediency and piety, cynical hypocrisy and Erasmian irony, it seems unlikely that Avellaneda was actually better "atrincherado" than he was.

## II

More significant, as a matter of fact, than the question of patronage is Cervantes' reaction to the false *Quixote*, to the personality of its author as revealed in his prologue, and to Avellaneda's moral and aesthetic limitations, as revealed by his novel as a whole (cf. Gilman, op. cit., pp. 60-69). In his dedication to the Conde de Lemos, Cervantes expresses his disgust by mentioning "el hámago y la náusea que ha causado otro don Quijote, que con nombre de segunda parte se ha disfrazado y corrido por el orbe." He begins his prologue by teasing the reader with a typically Cervantine paraleipsis ("Pues en verdad que no te he dar este contento . . ."), but he does reply to some of the personal insults of Avellaneda's prologue, at first in a tone of conscious moderation and restraint; then, with a disarming remark to the reader ("Parécheme que me dices que ando muy limitado y que me contengo mucho en los términos de mi modestia . . ."), he reveals more of the violence of his feelings in the two rather repellent anecdotes about madmen and dogs.

No doubt these anecdotes, as Professor Gilman remarks, "sugieren la perversidad, el sadismo y la falsificación artística que Cervantes encuentra en su rival" (op. cit., pp. 65-66). But, in part because of the violence and obscure threats implicit in them ("Quizá de esta suerte le podrá acontecer a este historiador, que no se atreverá a soltar más la presa de su ingenio en libros . . ."), one wonders whether they can be said to constitute, "en efecto, todo un juicio crítico de la versión de Avellaneda" (*ibid.*). I would suggest that, for an explicit expression of what must at least approximate Cervantes' own "juicio crítico," we should look, not to the prologue, but to the Márquez Torres *aprobación*. It has been shown that this *aprobación* was written by a very helpful friend and admirer of Cervantes (see note 3). As literary criticism, it is concerned primarily, as we shall see, with the difference between Cervantes' art and that of Avellaneda.<sup>5</sup> The main reason that it has been generally ignored by modern *cervantistas* is, I think, that its critical terms are not those of post-Hegelian *Geistesgeschichte* ("Counter-Reformation," "baroque," etc.), but the now

<sup>5</sup> Hence one is especially surprised to find that the Márquez Torres *aprobación* is nowhere mentioned in Professor Gilman's study. But this neglect seems to be quite general; I have been able to find only one brief appreciation of its significance as a defense of Cervantes against Avellaneda: Antonio Maldonado Ruiz, in his elementary manual *Cervantes, su vida y sus obras* (Barcelona: Labor, 1947), devotes some space to it as a "patente de homenaje y certificado de desagravio a Cervantes" (p. 208).

outmoded moralistic and aesthetic terms, Christian and Horatian, which were dominant in Cervantes' day. Yet Márquez Torres' insights, from this historically authentic point of view, into the differences between Cervantes and Avellaneda, actually tend to confirm, by analogy, the more ideologically formulated insights of Professor Gilman's study.

The *aprobación*, which as we have seen ends with the witty narration of a recent incident, begins in the stereotyped manner: ". . . no hallo en [el libro] cosa indigna de un cristiano celo ni que disuene de la decencia debida a buen ejemplo. . . ." The chief moral purpose of the novel is taken to be, as its author had frequently suggested, "extirpar los vanos y mentirosos libros de caballerías"; and this worthy purpose the censor sees as having been attained. Also approved, on classical grounds, is "la lisura del lenguaje castellano, no adulterado con enfadosa y estudiada afectación, vicio con razón aborrecido de hombres cuerdos."

So far we have a more or less routine sort of approval. But at this point a new clause begins, introducing a more specific and serious defense of Cervantes' literary art, in didactic terms, of course. *Don Quixote* is seen to admonish without offending, thus exemplifying both the spirit of Christian charity (" . . . instruite in spiritu lenitatis, considerans te ipsum, ne et tu tenteris," Gal., VI, 1) and the Horatian commonplace, "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci / lectorem delectando pariterque monendo" (*Ars poetica*, 343-344).

... y en la corrección de vicios que generalmente toca, ocasionado de sus agudos discursos, guarda con tanta cordura las leyes de reprehensión cristiana, que aquel que fuere tocado de la enfermedad que pretende curar, en lo dulce y sabroso de sus medicinas gustosamente habrá bebido, cuando menos lo imagine, sin empacho ni asco alguno, lo provechoso de la detestación de su vicio, con que se hallará, que es lo más difícil de conseguirse, gustoso y reprehendido.

The phrase "sin empacho ni asco alguno" is the first hint of Avellaneda's presence in the *aprobación*. (It reminds us of "el hámago y la náusea" to which Cervantes refers in his dedication, the "suciedades que levantan el estómago en cada página" of Menéndez y Pelayo; the characteristic reaction to the spurious *Don Quixote* seems to be expressible in some such physiological terms.) Anticipating Professor Gilman, Márquez Torres has discovered the "Anti-Quijote" and realizes that by commenting on its crude brutality he can con-

versely characterize the subtle art of *Don Quixote*; he devotes the balance of his overt criticism, not to praise of Cervantes' masterpiece, but to condemnation of its antithesis:

Ha habido muchos que por no haber sabido templar ni mezclar a propósito lo útil con lo dulce han dado con todo su molesto trabajo en tierra, pues no pudiendo imitar a Diógenes en lo filósofo y docto, atrevida, por no decir licenciosa y desalumbradamente, le pretenden imitar en lo cínico, entregándose a maldicientes, inventando casos que no pasaron para hacer capaz al vicio que tocan de su áspera reprehensión, y por ventura descubren caminos para seguirle hasta entonces ignorados, con que vienen a quedar, si no reprehensores, a lo menos maestros dél. Hácense odiosos a los bien entendidos, con el pueblo pierden el crédito, si alguno tuvieron, para admitir sus escritos y los vicios que arrojada e imprudentemente quisieren corregir en muy peor estado que antes, que no todas las postemas a un mismo tiempo están dispuestas para admitir las recetas o cauterios; antes algunos mucho mejor reciben las blandas y suaves medicinas, con cuya aplicación el atentado y docto médico consigue el fin de resolverlas, término que muchas veces es mejor que no el que se alcanza con el rigor del hierro. Bien diferente han sentido de los escritos de Miguel de Cervantes así nuestra nación como las extrañas . . .

According to the basic Horatian metaphor of this passage, the reader is imagined as a patient suffering from an abscess; the author is the doctor. If the doctor is crude and callous, he may use cautery or surgery and, having alienated the patient, leave the abscess in worse shape than before; but if he is learned and skillful, he will administer a medicinal syrup, an artful combination of sugar with an active ingredient, which will cause the abscess to be painlessly dissolved. We may, if we wish, translate this metaphor into ideological terms like those of Professor Gilman: the first doctor (Avellaneda) is a Dominican brutally trying to enforce the edicts of Trent, while the second (Cervantes) is an Erasmian Christian, a Renaissance libertarian, forced to develop protective coloration, to "sugar his pill," by the hostile environment of the Spanish Counter-Reformation (but see note 4).

Or, interpreting the metaphor from a more literary point of view, we may see Avellaneda as comparable to Aristotle's *βωμολόχος* (*Rhet.* III, 18), a simple-minded satirist who, by portraying a crudely Manichaeistic world of black and white, of violent chiaroscuro, has exemplified a very primitive sort of novel (cf. Gilman, op. cit., pp. 161-166). But Cervantes, the *ερων*, has shown us how subtle the modern novel can be: *Don Quixote* establishes a literary form in which ironically shifting and balanced points of view provide a subtle com-

plexity of shadings and perspectives, never imposing upon its microcosmos clear-cut "sombras de mediodía meridional," but rather evoking from it every possible "matiz." The poetic characters of his novel are not pure pseudo-classical types, either absolutely noble or absolutely base; though the ecclesiastic at the palace of the Duke and Duchess seems to be an exception, we should, I think, resist the temptation to view him or Don Diego de Miranda as the neatly diametrical opposite, either "bad" or "good," of Don Quixote himself, for surely Cervantes' "cuerdo-loco," taken as a whole, is an irreducible complex of altruism and egoism, of nobility and absurdity, of self-aware inner freedom and of compulsive slavery to a mechanical code. Despite its genuine implications of tragic anguish, the novel *Don Quixote* cannot be reduced to the pure and simple category of tragedy; nor, despite its undeniably comic aspects, demonstrated in Bergson's *Le Rire* and Auerbach's *Mimesis*, is it pure satire or comedy. Unamuno's view of Don Quixote as a suffering Christ-figure was counterposed to his view of Cervantes as a bourgeois Philistine; but it has not proved difficult for subsequent critics to transfer to the author himself Unamuno's view of Don Quixote, converting Cervantes too, the "esclavo del Santísimo Sacramento" (see note 4), into a Romantic rebel. Against any such simplistic views, one must insist upon complexity at least, if not upon ultimate ambiguity.

The Márquez Torres *aprobación*, however limited its didactic approach may seem to the twentieth-century critic, implies a complex interpretation of the novel. It develops the dualism "dulce et utile" sufficiently, in the context of Avellaneda's performance, to suggest that, for Cervantes, Christian admonition which involves potential self-criticism was in perfect harmony with the urbanely modest, yet equivoval, irony of Horace. Such a suggestion, with its ambiguous implications, is, I think, a significant first step in the shifting perspectives which themselves make up the history of *Don Quixote* criticism.

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## Some Open Problems in Descartes Research

The field of Descartes studies, extending far beyond the confines of philosophical doctrine and its history, has in the past been enriched by notable contributions from "outside": Lanson, Gustave Cohen, J. G. Richardson, Georges Poulet are on the Cartesian honors roll—and so are Péguy, Valéry, Aragon. This paper discusses some open problems, chiefly biographical and historical, that might interest the general student of Descartes's century.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

To begin with the life of Descartes, the comprehensive biography of Charles Adam of 1910 and Gustave Cohen's 1921 study are still the best we have;<sup>2</sup> but they are no longer definitive. A good deal of new material has accumulated since then, particularly as regards Descartes's contemporaries; and four decades of intensive studies of Descartes's character, personality, and intellectual development call for a new full-scale Life of the philosopher. Henri Gouhier has recently made decisive advances in the analysis of Descartes's formative years,<sup>3</sup> but this crucial period is still not fully explored. In particular, Descartes's relationship with Isaac Beeckman needs a re-valuation; and Descartes's first ventures into mathematics and physics might well be re-examined against the background of Beeckman's thought in 1618-19, now that the latter's Journals have been rescued and published by Cornelis de Waard.<sup>4</sup> The few reviews which this scientific diary received point to its importance to the understanding of early seventeenth-century science, but only a full-scale study can reveal the range of problems it illuminates. Now that de Waard's great edition of Mersenne's correspondence has been carried beyond

<sup>1</sup> For a critical literature survey see: G. Sebba, *Descartes and His Philosophy. A Bibliographical Guide to the Literature, 1800-1958* (University of Georgia: Bureau of Business Research, 1959), I, pt. I. The numbers in square brackets in the following footnotes refer to this bibliography, which includes the material of the Descartes chapter in the forthcoming third volume of D. C. Cabeen's *A Critical Bibliography of French Literature: The Seventeenth Century*, ed. Nathan Edelman.

<sup>2</sup> Ch. Adam, *Vie et œuvres de Descartes* (Paris: Cerf, 1910 (AT XII)). G. Cohen, *Écrivains français en Hollande dans la première moitié du XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle* (Paris-La Haye, 1921), pp. 355-689 [121, 123].

<sup>3</sup> Henri Gouhier, *Les Premières Pensées de Descartes* (Paris: Vrin, 1958) [96].

<sup>4</sup> *Journal tenu par Isaac Beeckman de 1604 à 1634* (La Haye: Nijhoff, 1939-1953), 4 vols. [80].

the close of Beeckman's life,<sup>5</sup> it is possible, for the first time, to see Beeckman outside the shadow which Descartes has for centuries cast over him.

There are enough interpretations of—and too many conjectures about—the “Dream of Descartes”;<sup>6</sup> yet we have no definitive answer to the crucial question how this “dream work” is related to Descartes's subsequent rise to the highest levels of conscious philosophizing. His puzzling *Cogitationes privatae* mark the beginning of the decisive change he underwent between 1618 and, say, 1628. It is by no means clear yet how the mind of this enigmatic figure developed from childhood through youth and early manhood to maturity. Since Descartes's life abruptly ended at the age of 54, his last stage of thought has understandably been treated as his ultimate one. But suppose he had lived another fifteen or twenty years? Is there anything in his development between 1628 and 1650 to suggest a hypothetical continuation of that line?

\* \* \*

The *Discours de la méthode* has lost its standing as a classroom example of Gallic lucidity and Cartesian clarity and distinctness. Étienne Gilson's magnificent commentary<sup>7</sup> will stand for a long time. But can we continue to treat the *Discours* as a literary unity, after the independent studies of Leon Roth, Gilbert Gadoffre, and Constantino Lásaris Comneno<sup>8</sup> who find it to be a composite, parts of which reach back into Descartes's formative years? Their work seems to call for a literary reappraisal of the *Discours* which recognizes the context of the periods of origin. Philosophically, of course, the interpretation of this introduction to the *Essais* of 1637 remains unaffected since it does represent Descartes's views at that time. Gadoffre's study of the literary fortunes of the *Discours*<sup>9</sup> also deserves to be carried forward in greater detail, particularly through the period of Victor Cousin's Descartes revival and up to the last decade when,

<sup>5</sup> Correspondance du P. Marin Mersenne, religieux minime (Paris: Presses Universitaires, 1932-1959, vols. I-V [82].

<sup>6</sup> Sebba, op. cit. [102-8].

<sup>7</sup> Descartes, *Discours de la méthode*. Texte et commentaire par E. Gilson, 2nd ed. (Paris: Vrin, 1925) [83].

<sup>8</sup> Leon Roth, *Descartes' Discourse on Method* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1937) [189]. G. Gadoffre, “Sur la chronologie du ‘Discours de la méthode.’” *Revue d'Histoire de la Philosophie* 11 (1943), 45-70 [260, with further references]. C. Lásaris Comneno, “Análisis del Discurso del método.” *Revista de Filosofía* 14 (1955), 293-351 [292].

<sup>9</sup> G. Gadoffre, “Le ‘Discours de la méthode’ et l'histoire littéraire.” *French Studies* 2 (1948), 301-14 [404].

particularly under the influence of Martial Gueroult's monolithic work,<sup>10</sup> the *Meditationes de prima philosophia* begin to eclipse the *Discours de la méthode*.

In view of this renewal of interest in the *Meditationes* it might be suggested that an appraisal of Descartes's literary achievement ought to rest on his Latin as well as his French writings. Latin was the language in which he habitually thought and wrote philosophy (the term taken in the wide sense it still had at the time);<sup>11</sup> Latin was the language in which he displayed his mastery of style and composition of which the *Meditations* are the chief though not the only example. Indeed, one would welcome a selection of texts in both languages, showing Descartes as the considerable writer he was. There are neglected pages of strange beauty, of great prose, in his scientific as well as his philosophical work.

\* \* \*

Descartes as the "philosophe au masque" is a favorite theme of the interpreters,<sup>12</sup> and perhaps too much has been made of it. But Descartes does appear to be the most problematic, most complex of modern Western philosophers. He himself has blocked access to his curiously contradictory self: the uncompromising character of his doctrine suggests far more rationality in the man than the evidence of the texts bears out. But the quarrel over Descartes's "rationalism" is barren. Like Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's Ulrich Hutten, Descartes might have said of himself:

Ich bin kein ausgeklügelt Buch,  
Ich bin ein Mensch mit seinem Widerspruch.

Such contradictoriness is not fortuitous but essential and organic. It needs to be understood from the root, by grasping what Goethe called "das Gesetz, nach dem du angetreten." What was that law under which Descartes entered the stage of the world—"masked," as he said when a young man? To find this law, then to trace it in all its strange variations and transmutations through the course of his life, would indeed be taking "the base metals that are [the biog-

<sup>10</sup> M. Gueroult, *Descartes selon l'ordre des raisons* (Paris: Aubier, 1953), 2 vols. [170].

<sup>11</sup> In his correspondence he tends to fall from French into Latin when the argument becomes technical.

<sup>12</sup> E. g. Maxime Leroy, *Descartes, le philosophe au masque* (Paris: Rieder, 1929), 2 vols. [124, 2507]. Karl Jaspers, *Descartes und die Philosophie* (Berlin: de Gruyter, 1937) [175], to name but two notable ones.

rapher's] facts and turn them into the gold of the human personality";<sup>13</sup> this, not an up-dated Adam-Cohen, is the kind of biography which our generation owes Descartes.

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The Descartes enigma carries over into what we might call his life after death.<sup>14</sup> Descartes is the last of the Western philosophers to have given rise to rumors that had all the makings of a legend. Philosophers after him are as a rule specialists or technicians whose life hardly stirs the imagination, or great tragic figures like Nietzsche. Descartes was neither one nor the other. It was above all the irony of his unexpected, sudden death in Sweden<sup>15</sup> and the apparent mystery surrounding his burial that combined with the earlier rumors of his Rosicrucianism to produce speculation which, later in the century, inspired anti-Cartesian satire. Huet, Gervaise de Montpellier, Gabriel Daniel did not just invent their stories of Descartes's survival. A search of the contemporary material may well yield hitherto overlooked allusions and reference to the Descartes legend. And indeed, the mystery and restlessness of his life is mirrored, as it were, in the history of his remains, from the place and manner of the Stockholm burial to the quarrel over his final resting place (it still continues) and over the authenticity of the skull which the Musée de l'Homme in Paris displays as Descartes's. This story, beginning with Descartes's quest for longevity, would make an intriguing little book on René Descartes's Life After Death, one that explores the ramifications beyond the obvious.

There is another side to this life after death: the rise and changes in the popular Descartes image (the changing philosophical image has already attracted scholarly attention<sup>16</sup>). In the great struggle over Cartesianism which reached its climax in France around 1690, Descartes's philosophical doctrine, and its consequences for Catholi-

<sup>13</sup> Leon Edel, *Literary Biography* (Garden City: Doubleday-Anchor, 1959), p. 8.

<sup>14</sup> See Sebba, op. cit. [109-115].

<sup>15</sup> An Antwerp newsheet reported the philosopher's death by announcing "dat in Suede een geck gestorven was, die seyde dat hy soo langh leven kon as hy wilde." Letter of Christiaan Huygens to his brother, April 12, 1650. AT XII, p. 630.

<sup>16</sup> This seems to be chiefly a German preoccupation: Max Wundt, "Wandlungen des Descartes-Bildes." *Z. f. philosophische Forschung* 7 (1953), 315-25 [350]; I. Fettscher, "Das französische Descartesheld der Gegenwart." *Philosophische Rundschau* 3 (1955), 166-98 [1888]; M. Hagmann, *Descartes in der Auffassung durch die Historiker der Philosophie* (Winterthur: Keller, 1955) [10].

cism, were at stake. But in Holland the same struggle quickly reached down to lower levels. The term "Cartesian" became a catchword not unlike "Communist" in our day: if applied with a big brush, it left a big smear. It aroused strong emotions, positive as well as negative ones. This had apparently nothing to do with Descartes's long residence in Holland; and it often had little to do with his doctrine. There is much unutilized material still to be exploited—broadsides, ditties, popular pamphlets, the scurrilous poems, comments, and questions with which students used to fill the blank pages in their printed dissertations, and the torrent of Dutch theological controversy with which Cartesian philosophy had gotten hopelessly mixed up. This side of Descartes's posthumous life still awaits its chronicler who might well carry the story forward to our time, disregarding the serious literature but including what Hugo Friedrich called "Vulgär-kartesianismus"<sup>17</sup>: all the odd products of odd minds that used and still use the Cartesian label for the most unexpected merchandise, down to that gentleman in Buenos Aires who in 1951, under the pen name "Descartes," published a book in German, entitled: *Politik und Strategie (Ich verurteile nicht, ich kritisiere nur)*.<sup>18</sup>

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Turning to less frivolous concerns, there seems to be Cartesian (or anti-Cartesian) gold in the barely touched mines of unpublished Huet material. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris preserves Huet's copies of the works of Descartes, Malebranche, Régis, Pascal, and others, as well as of his own works, containing a wealth of marginalia in his hand; a large body of unpublished correspondence is in the Laurenziana, in Paris, and in Caen.<sup>19</sup> This material promises to open new perspectives on the current of skepticism since 1650, but also on the influence of English science, as factors in the growing reaction against Cartesianism in France. On the personal side, there are some interesting suggestive pages in Huet's little autobiography (*Commentarius de rebus ad eum pertinentibus*, published in Amsterdam, 1718) which suggest, among other things, that his open declaration

<sup>17</sup> H. Friedrich, *Descartes und der französische Geist* (Leipzig: Meiner, 1937) [453].

<sup>18</sup> See Sebba, op. cit. [1751].

<sup>19</sup> See Richard H. Popkin's report in the *American Philosophical Society Yearbook* for 1957, pp. 364-366, and in the forthcoming 1959 edition of the Yearbook. Professor Popkin is preparing an edition of Huet's unpublished correspondence, in cooperation with Paul Dibon and Mme C. Louise Thijssen-Schoute, both of them leading Descartes scholars.

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of war against Cartesianism may have owed something to the failure of his clever scheme for becoming the Dauphin's tutor. For Huet was a man of the world, if a rather odd one, to judge from the delightful account of his gradual fading from resplendent courtier to inconspicuously black abbé, and of his difficulties in learning the abbé business. A study of Huet from the historical and biographical viewpoint might also shed light upon the machinations behind the scenes as the Cartesian and the anti-Cartesian forces lined up for their final battles toward the end of the century. In his struggle over Cartesianism, things (including publications) did not just happen; they were made, and it would be good to find out how. A study, well documented, of the personal relationships between men like Huet, Huygens, Leibniz, and their correspondents, including the connections over to the Jesuit camp, would be useful, particularly if accompanied by what we may call the sociogram of the Cartesian side. This amounts to a study of group formation and group action rather than an analysis of ideas and doctrines. Even the apparently well-established genesis of Baillet's Descartes biography needs revision from this point of view, as I intend to show elsewhere. Some patient searcher might even come upon new evidence concerning the abortive edition of Descartes's works which Baillet's biography was to complement.

Paul Dibon's work in progress, a detailed, documented study of philosophical instruction during Holland's golden age,<sup>20</sup> promises to bring the *philosophia novantiqua* into focus again, following the suggestions of Bohatec, the first one to study the eclecticist current in its connection with what he called "Cartesian Scholasticism."<sup>21</sup> In the second half of the seventeenth century, the *philosophia novantiqua* became an uneasy attempt to combine Aristotle and Descartes without making the mixture explosive. It had its representatives wherever universities were under doctrinal pressure. One may hope for similar studies of French and especially of German eclecticism, including the Jesuit experiments in cautiously assimilating some Cartesian thought into the courses they taught. But there was a no-man's land between Descartes and Newton as well as between Descartes and Aristotle. Here are unwritten chapters in the history of science waiting for an author.

<sup>20</sup> P. Dibon, *La Philosophie néerlandaise au siècle d'or* (Amsterdam: Elsevier, Vol. 1, 1954), Vol. 2 and 3 in preparation [452].

<sup>21</sup> Josef Bohatec, *Die cartesianische Scholastik in der Philosophie und reformierten Dogmatik des 17. Jahrhunderts*. Pt. I (no more published) (Leipzig: Deichert, 1912) [436].

However, the groundwork for such studies has not been laid yet. The chief desideratum, and an expensive one, is a complete, thoroughly modern bibliography of the Cartesian and anti-Cartesian literature from the lifetime of Descartes to the end of the 18th century. Only international cooperation among specialists in the various countries could produce such a work, with immense benefit to our understanding of the movement of philosophical ideas far beyond the field of Cartesian studies. It might well be the only way of going beyond Bouillier,<sup>22</sup> whose work of a century ago it still the most comprehensive survey we have.

But the most pressing desideratum is undoubtedly a new scholarly edition of the works of Descartes, although the great Adam-Tannery edition, together with Leon Roth's companion volume (the Descartes-Huygens correspondence) has been reprinted after the war. The AT edition is almost unmanageable, physically as well as in its arrangement; it lacks a number of Descartes items subsequently discovered; its dating of the correspondence has been revised; and it was published before the great editions of Mersenne and Beeckman (to name but the most important ones) got under way. Now that Malebranche at long last has received the honor of the first complete edition of his works (the last volumes to appear by the end of 1960), we might hope that Descartes will be next to receive the benefits of modern editorship.

In conclusion let us remember, not without some embarrassment, that the last (indeed the only) full-length Descartes biography in English is Elisabeth Haldane's honest but pedestrian and very dated *Descartes* of 1905.<sup>23</sup> If a distinguished American scholar could be asked by his publisher recently to replace a reference to the widely unknown Descartes by a reference to Newton, the time is surely ripe for a new English Descartes biography. And while we wait for someone to take the royal road, let us remember that the royalty road is open too, and much easier to travel. A translation of one of the excellent new introductions to Descartes recently published abroad<sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Francisque Bouillier, *Histoire de la philosophie cartésienne*, 3rd ed., 2 vols. (Paris: Delagrave, 1868) [438].

<sup>23</sup> E. Haldane, *Descartes, His Life and Times* (London: Murray; New York: Dutton, 1905) [140].

<sup>24</sup> See for instance Ferdinand Alquié, *Descartes, l'homme et l'œuvre* (Paris: Hatier-Boivin, 1956) [127]; Geneviève Lewis (i.e. Rodis-Lewis), *René Descartes, Français, philosophe* (Tours-Paris: Maison Mame, 1953) [145]; Cor-nélia Serrurier, *Descartes, l'homme et le penseur* (Paris-Amsterdam, Presses Universitaires, 1951) [125].

would fill an obvious gap in the "paperback" lists, and may well "make" the "college market."

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The problems, topics, and issues discussed here have this in common that they do not require heavy philosophical specialization; many of them are open problems precisely because the *general* student of Descartes's time and century has not turned to them. Philosophical exegesis and history of ideas are one thing, biography and the history of socio-cultural movements are another. They complement each other, call for each other, but cannot replace each other. There is ample room in the field of Descartes studies for the scholar who is attracted to the man as a man, as well as for him who views Descartes's century with the eyes of the humanist, seeking out the human and the social structure upon which the edifice of ideas is built.

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GREGOR SEBBA

## Diderot et la *Présentation au Temple de Giotto*

A son retour de Russie, Diderot rédigea un dictionnaire de peintres, graveurs et sculpteurs, *Noms de peintres et leur genre*, qui est resté en grande partie inédit.<sup>1</sup> Les réflexions qu'y émet le Philosophe, bien que dans un style des plus lapidaires, constituent une riche mine d'informations sur son goût, ses connaissances artistiques et ses lectures à une époque où il a atteint toute sa maturité de critique, et, dans une large mesure, nous renseignent également sur les préférences et les canons de son siècle.<sup>2</sup>

Sans entrer ici, car cela nous mènerait trop loin, dans des considérations plus approfondies sur l'intérêt de cette nomenclature, nous

<sup>1</sup> Franco Venturi en a publié des fragments. Voir "Fragments inédits d'un projet de dictionnaire des peintres," *Hippocrate*, juin 1938, pp. 324-327. M. Herbert Dieckmann mentionne également cet écrit dans son *Inventaire du Fonds Vandœul* (Genève: Droz, 1951), pp. 48-49. Nous voudrions remercier M. Jean Seznec d'avoir attiré notre attention sur la note curieuse de Diderot que nous analysons ici.

<sup>2</sup> En outre, cette liste d'artistes comporte des références intéressantes à des tableaux vus à La Haye, Dresde et Düsseldorf. La rédaction en est donc postérieure à 1774, et date probablement de 1775-1776, époque où Diderot compose ses *Pensées détachées sur la peinture, la sculpture, l'architecture et la poésie*, auxquelles les *Noms de peintres et leur genre* font suite dans les manuscrits.

nous proposons d'élucider la pensée elliptique qui accompagne le nom de Giotto. Singulier à la première lecture, le commentaire de Diderot présente un cas intéressant et complexe. Voici l'observation en question :

Giotto (Le). L'Enfant Jésus effrayé de Siméon. Bon pour l'Astyanax, mauvais pour l'Enfant Jésus.

Tout d'abord, il est curieux de lire une remarque aussi précise à propos d'un artiste qui ne figure dans aucun autre écrit de Diderot, et dont celui-ci n'a pas pu connaître les fresques pour la bonne raison qu'il n'a jamais effectué le pèlerinage artistique de l'Italie qu'il avait projeté avec tant de ferveur. Il s'agit donc d'un renseignement de seconde main, de source livresque ou verbale, des reproductions gravées de Giotto n'existant pas alors à notre connaissance.

L'œuvre à laquelle Diderot fait allusion est l'admirable fresque dans la chapelle de l'Arena, à Padoue, connue sous le nom de la *Présentation au Temple*, et exécutée, ainsi que les autres compositions qui décorent cette chapelle, aux alentours de 1305. On y voit, entre autres personnages, Siméon, le vieillard juste et pieux de l'*Evangile*,<sup>2</sup> portant tendrement l'Enfant, cependant que le petit Jésus, effrayé par l'aspect austère et solennel du saint, se tourne peureusement vers sa mère qui lui tend les bras dans un mouvement plein de grâce et d'affection.

Très estimé de ses compatriotes, Giotto est cité notamment dans *La Divine Comédie* (une tradition réunit Dante et le peintre à Padoue), dans la correspondance de Pétrarque, dans le *Décaméron* de Boccace, ainsi que dans les écrits d'art d'Alberti, de Vasari et de Baldinucci. Cependant, aux dix-septième et dix-huitième siècles, les maîtres du Trecento et même du Quattrocento sont fort mal connus en France et à peine plus estimés que les artistes byzantins et gothiques. Comme l'on se plaît surtout à porter aux nues la Haute Renaissance italienne et l'école bolonaise, Giotto est totalement passé sous silence ou mentionné très incidemment par les théoriciens et critiques français, de Roger de Piles à Diderot. A l'article "Peinture moderne" de l'*Encyclopédie*, le chevalier de Jaucourt, copiant d'ailleurs textuelle-

<sup>2</sup> On se souvient de ce personnage du *Nouveau Testament* (S. Luc, II, 25-35) à qui l'Esprit-Saint avait révélé qu'il ne verrait pas la mort avant d'avoir vu le Christ. Le jour de la présentation de Jésus au temple de Jérusalem, il prit l'Enfant dans ses bras, et lui rendit l'hommage du fameux cantique : " Maintenant, Seigneur, laissez votre serviteur s'en aller en paix selon votre parole, car mes yeux ont vu votre salut."

ment un passage des *Réflexions critiques sur la poésie et sur la peinture* de l'abbé Dubos, note que "l'art de la peinture . . . renaquit enfin dans le treizième siècle, vers l'an 1240, à Florence, sous le pinceau de Cimabué," et ajoute plus loin que "les ouvrages de ces peintres si vantés de leur temps ont eu le sort des poésies de Ronsard, on ne les cherche plus."<sup>4</sup> Giotto, l'élève de Cimabué selon la tradition, n'est même pas mentionné dans l'*Encyclopédie*.<sup>5</sup>

Diderot n'a donc pas pu puiser le renseignement qui nous occupe chez les écrivains d'art français. Par ailleurs, ni Alberti ni Baldinucci, tous deux cités par Diderot dans ses *Noms de peintres et leur genre*, n'ont commenté la *Présentation au Temple*, bien qu'ils aient consacré des études détaillées à d'autres œuvres de Giotto. Chose intéressante, c'est dans *Le Vite de' più eccellenti pittori, scultori ed Architettori* de Giorgio Vasari qu'on peut lire une analyse de cette fresque, avec une description précise des diverses attitudes des personnages. En outre, l'accent est particulièrement porté sur la signification psychologique du geste de l'Enfant Jésus. Commençant par la Vierge, Vasari la dépeint "quando ella porge Cristo piccol fanciullo a Simeone, che è cosa bellissima; perchè, oltre a un grande affetto che si conosce in quel vecchio ricevente Cristo, l'atto del fanciullo, che, avendo paura di lui, porge le braccia e si rivolge tutto timorosetto verso la madre, non può essere né più affettuoso né più bello."<sup>6</sup> Diderot, qui entendait couramment l'italien et s'instruisait de la peinture chez les théoriciens aussi bien que chez les praticiens, a très probablement étudié le fameux recueil des *Vies des meilleurs peintres*, qui continuait à faire autorité au dix-huitième siècle. D'autre part, il n'est pas impossible que ce commentaire lui ait été transmis oralement par un intermédiaire qui avait lu l'œuvre de Vasari, car nous

<sup>4</sup> Dubos avait écrit dans ses *Réflexions critiques* (Paris: Mariette, 1740), II, 174: "Dès le treizième siècle, la Peinture renaquit en Italie sous le pinceau de Cimabué. Il arriva bien que plusieurs Peintres se rendirent illustres dans les deux siècles suivants, mais aucun ne se rendit excellent. Les ouvrages de ces Peintres, si vantez de leur tems, ont eu en Italie le sort que les poésies de Ronsard ont eu en France: on ne les recherche plus." Même Goethe, lors de son séjour en Italie, de 1786 à 1788, négligera Assise et les admirables fresques de Cimabué et de Giotto dans la basilique Saint-François.

<sup>5</sup> Par contre, dans les *Noms de peintres et leur genre*, c'est Cimabué qui est omis de la nomenclature.

<sup>6</sup> "C'est une très belle chose quand elle présente le petit Enfant Jésus à Siméon, parce que, outre la grande affection que révèle le vieillard recevant le Christ, le mouvement de l'Enfant, qui, ayant peur de lui, étend les bras et se tourne tout effrayé vers sa mère, ne pourrait être plus tendre ni plus beau." Op. cit. (Florence: G. S. Sansoni, 1878), I, 374. Notons que la première édition de l'œuvre de Vasari date de 1550 et la deuxième, refondue dans le texte, de 1568.

n'avons pu trouver d'allusion à celui-ci dans les écrits de l'Encyclopédiste. Quoi qu'il en soit, l'intérêt psychologique d'une telle observation ne pouvait manquer de séduire notre auteur, toujours si préoccupé de la justesse de la pantomime, du geste naturel et suggestif, et de la valeur plastique des jeux d'expression.

Exammons à présent les motifs de la sévérité avec laquelle Diderot a jugé la manière dont Giotto avait traité la scène tirée du *Nouveau Testament*. Au dix-huitième siècle, comme au dix-septième, les amateurs se plaisent à mettre en valeur les ressources picturales des chefs-d'œuvre de l'Antiquité, en particulier des poèmes épiques d'Homère et de Virgile.<sup>7</sup> Caylus, l'antiquaire si plaisamment ridiculisé par Diderot, est même allé jusqu'à composer un traité des *Tableaux tirés de l'Iliade*, à l'usage des artistes. Et Diderot lui-même n'a pas hésité à suggérer des sujets de compositions inspirés du grand aèle grec.<sup>8</sup> C'est donc son cher Homère que notre auteur s'empresse d'évoquer à propos du geste expressif de l'Enfant dans la *Présentation de Jésus au Temple*. En effet, dans le sixième chant de l'*Iliade*, le recul du petit Astyanax, se réfugiant dans les bras d'Andromaque parce qu'il est apeuré par le casque brillant et empanaché d'Hector, constitue une rare trouvaille psychologique et apporte une note familiale et tendre dans cette triste scène d'adieu avant le terrible combat.

Mais il est un autre épisode, selon une tradition tirée d'Homère, auquel Diderot a également pu songer ici. Il s'agit de l'instant dramatique, après la chute de Troie et la mort d'Hector, où Ulysse fait arracher Astyanax des bras d'Andromaque pour le faire précipiter des murs d'Ilion ; scène qu'immortalisera Euripide (aussi très admiré de Diderot) dans ses *Troyennes*. Et cette hypothèse est d'autant plus vraisemblable que, dans son *Salon de 1763*, Diderot avait longuement décrit et critiqué une composition de Doyen, où ce moment pathétique avait été représenté : "Ulysse marque de la main le haut de la tour et . . . l'on arrache l'enfant à sa mère. . . . C'est un soldat qui s'est saisi d'Astyanax, qu'il tient entre ses bras. L'enfant est tourné et penché vers sa mère. . . . Votre Astyanax est de bois. Qu'il ait ses deux petits bras étendus vers sa mère, et faites qu'il réponde à sa douleur."<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Dans son *Diderot et l'Antiquité* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1957), p. 61, Jean Seznec fait remarquer que "des lectures de l'*Iliade* sont même organisées à l'Académie de peinture."

<sup>8</sup> Voir la *Correspondance littéraire* de Grimm et Diderot (Paris: Garnier, 1877), II, 486-488.

<sup>9</sup> Pour l'analyse intégrale de cette toile, voir *Oeuvres complètes de Diderot* éd. Assézat-Tourneux (Paris: Garnier, 1875-1877), X, 216-219.

Grâce à sa remarquable mémoire visuelle, Diderot a dû garder cette scène tragique vivante dans son esprit. Il n'est donc guère étonnant qu'il ait jugé l'effroi de l'Enfant Jésus peu approprié au moment, tout de joie et de douce tranquillité, que Giotto avait choisi de représenter. D'ailleurs, plus sensible à l'iconographie chrétienne qui traite des situations tragiques qu'à celle qui illustre des événements joyeux et familiers, il ne pouvait deviner que c'est précisément grâce au geste si naturel de l'Enfant, à la simple dignité de Siméon et à la sollicitude maternelle de la Vierge que l'artiste est arrivé à dépasser la stylisation byzantine en mettant à profit la leçon de la sculpture gothique, et à humaniser, à individualiser le divin.

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GITA MAY

## L'Evolution du poème en prose dans l'œuvre de Pierre Reverdy

Reverdy a réuni la plupart de ses poèmes en prose en quatre recueils : *Poèmes en prose*, 1915, *Etoiles peintes*, 1921, *La Balle au bond*, 1928 et *Flaques de verre*, 1929. Dans le premier, le poète évoque, sans le décrire, un univers d'objets palpables. Comme dans certains tableaux cubistes de la même époque, fenêtres, violons, cheminées, portes sont juxtaposés plutôt qu'assemblés, technique qui permet de donner à une pipe et à une cheminée la même taille et le même degré d'intimité. Un attroupement, des êtres masqués peuplent des régions parfois reconnaissables, mais l'Homme-héros, l'Homme-poète s'en détache et s'isole, posant à chaque instant des questions au monde et à lui-même : "Et moi, moi, qui ne savais pas pourquoi j'étais venu." Peu importe si les fenêtres s'ouvrent ou se ferment : l'univers hostile qui ne cède jamais son secret et n'offre guère d'appui, menace de chavirer. L'Homme est ainsi perpétuellement inquiété, d'autant plus que la démesure règne partout : les parcours sont trop vastes pour nos petits esprits, les maillots trop grands pour les maigres saltimbanques. Et une noirceur soudaine empêche l'orientation.

Comme tout peut s'éclipser, le lecteur ne s'étonne pas si le monde extérieur ressemble à une scène de théâtre, si l'Homme fragmentaire errant parmi des décors trompeurs voit se dénouer tous les contours.

Il n'y a pas d'échappatoire : les ténèbres, les illusions, la peur guettent partout. Plusieurs titres évoquent un monde hanté : "Fantômes du danger," "Le Voyageur et son ombre," "Réalités des ombres," "Les Etres vagues." Tout se tait, se cache, se perd, l'Homme est le témoin solitaire d'un enchaînement de négations, de privations. Dans "Nocturne" toute une parade de promesses se change en refus jusqu'à ce que l'absurdité y coupe court. Par contre, les musiciens sans mains et sans oreilles, jouant près d'un escalier qui ne conduit nulle part, ce petit saltimbanque (inspiré peut-être par Picasso) à qui on ne donne pas de pièce de peur de l'alourdir et même le patineur céleste qui disparaît mais dont l'image se conserve dans une glace, font entrevoir un autre univers. Or celui-ci ne peut prendre essor que dans la mesure où musiciens, saltimbanques et patineur s'affranchissent du réel. Leur acte ne s'amortit pas dans les coulisses sombres ou déteintes. Leur musique a beau s'évanouir sans résonner, sans même être entendue, elle possède la faculté de se recréer.

Dans le recueil suivant, *Etoiles peintes*, le lecteur entrevoit d'emblée une scène. Des musiciens dans la rue, des pêcheurs rassemblés pour le départ convergent pour former un cadre. On est sur place, "dans le coin où il se passe quelque chose," dans la pièce où la lumière revient. Les murs y servent moins à évoquer l'emprisonnement qu'à fournir la toile sur laquelle le spectacle va se projeter. Commençant souvent ses phrases par "il y a," comme si le paysage était tangible, le poète procède à l'inventaire des objets. Il arrive à en identifier quelques-uns, d'autres ne font surgir que des doutes dans son esprit :

C'est une véritable armée en marche ou bien un rêve—un fond de tableau sur un nuage. L'enfant pleure ou dort. Il regarde ou rêve.

Mais au fur et à mesure que le poète s'efforce de clarifier son tableau, le degré de réalité diminue, la stabilité disparaît :

Il y a, derrière, une route qui monte et un arbre qui penche trop, une croix et une autre rangée de branches qui penchent. La pierre des marches s'incline aussi. . . .

Le mouvement tend à s'accélérer, les verbes *glisser* et *tomber* suivent *pencher* et *s'incliner*. En dépit de péripéties, de volte-face, il ne se produit pas de chute violente ou d'émettement, car les objets, plus évanescents encore que ceux du premier recueil, sont davantage délestés de matière. Et, malgré l'arrangement spatial voulu, malgré le déplacement continual de ces objets, le lecteur a l'impression que

Reverdy, ne disposant que de deux dimensions, plaque les éléments les uns sur les autres.

C'est qu'on songe une fois de plus à la peinture. Le titre même du recueil évoque cet art, réduit quelque peu à un jeu d'enfant. L'absence de couleurs chez Reverdy correspond jusqu'à un certain point à un décalage systématique entre formes et couleurs chez Juan Gris. Le jour qui pénètre dans les petits tableaux de Reverdy n'apporte ni couleur ni illumination. La lumière solaire elle-même a quelque chose d'irréel. Ne touchant rien, mobile comme l'ombre qui ne lui fait guère antithèse, elle devient virtuelle au même titre que la nature qu'elle essaie de repérer. Un mouvement général, contagieux, auquel tout se soumet contribue à retrécir ce monde dévalué; au début de "Mouvements à l'horizon," les cavaliers se tiennent sur la route, mais à la fin: "Le ciel est encombré par toutes ces armées. La terre tremble." Il semble même que tout se mette à notre portée: "Le ciel se rattachant à la terre aux maisons du faubourg." Néanmoins l'illusion ne dure pas, le spectacle doit se dissoudre. Personnages ou objets s'appuient parfois contre un mur ou se soutiennent mutuellement dans le vain espoir de s'abriter ou de prolonger la scène dont dépend leur survie. Tout peut mettre fin à cette comédie: un train qui passe, une barrière, un rideau qui tombe, un brouillard liquéfiant les contours. Quand le spectacle s'arrête, personne ne se livre plus au jeu futile de définir un univers décoloré et figé. Or l'Homme n'appartient pas à la scène; ses gestes s'immobilisent alors que le spectacle se poursuit: "Et, sur le fond de bois tremblant, l'homme immobile."

Cette stratégie a sans doute pour but de rendre l'Homme plus réel que l'univers. Le poète a beau instiguer un jeu où le monde est dévalué afin de diminuer d'autant l'hostilité que nous avons reconnue dans le premier recueil, il a beau attribuer à l'Homme une stabilité plus grande, il ne réussit guère à étayer cette réalité extérieure. Il lui donne pourtant une direction, au moins dans les derniers textes du recueil: "A gauche on monte par le chemin du ciel que ne révèle aucune plaque indicatrice." Et dans "Le Bruit des vagues" malgré la présence de termes de peinture tels que *marines*, *fond*, *cadre*, le poème loin d'être une simple tentative plastique, retrace la démarche secrète "de celui qui n'était venu là que pour voir et non pas être vu."

Bien que cette tendance à dévaluer le monde, caractéristique d'*Etoiles peintes*, persiste dans *La Balle au bond*, la préoccupation du poète a sensiblement changé d'autant plus que disparaît cette plasticité, qui avait permis un rapprochement avec la peinture cubiste. Nul effort

de la part du poète de fixer ou de cerner des contours, d'en projeter l'essence linéaire sur une surface. Le recueil commence par la phrase: "On va plus loin que la ligne arrêtée," ce qui veut dire que le poète s'est enfin débarrassé du cadre dans lequel il cherchait auparavant à inscrire le monde. Renonçant au groupement typique d'*Etoiles peintes* il y substitue le voyage. Un être impersonnel promène: "à travers la pluie et le danger nocturne, son ombre informe." Sans repérer son but, il presse ses pas aveugles par des espaces inconnus. Accablé de solitude il n'est pas pour cela à l'affût de rencontres, même celle d'un sauveur.

L'univers du solitaire est souvent privé de calme et de clarté: "Le vent, comme un cheval emballé, s'abat sur le couchant, couvert d'écume, et le soir s'assombrit." Des tourbillons, remplaçant les lignes fuyantes d'*Etoiles peintes*, accroissent l'intensité et la menace. Ils correspondent à l'état d'âme du voyageur. L'angoisse et la peur partout présentes dans les précédents recueils prennent ici une allure psychologique. Déjà réelle en elle-même, l'angoisse affirme son existence en face d'un univers partiellement anéanti. Il ne s'agit plus d'une destruction théâtrale. Le néant s'exprime dans *La Balle au bond* par l'engloutissement de lumières naturelles, par l'apparition d'illuminations monstrueuses, par la présence d'oiseaux nocturnes, par l'évocation de voix mystérieuses et par les attestations de la mort. Le voyageur devient fatalément "ce passager lointain que les rayons emportent vers la fin."

Dans ce troisième recueil, le réseau spatial ne parvient plus à retenir le temps. Les fréquentes répétitions du verbe *passer*, des titres tels que "Courte vie" et "Le Temps passe" soulignent l'écoulement rapide des jours. Temps et espace se dérèglent réciproquement, aiguillant la désorientation du voyageur, rendant son retour en arrière doublement impossible. Peu importe le rythme du voyage: le pas pressé n'encadre que le vide, le pas lent aboutit inéluctablement à la mort. A celui qui a dépassé la frontière sans vraiment l'atteindre toute pénétration est interdite. Cependant un vague *ailleurs* s'ébauche par-ci, par-là, faiblement et sans conséquence, parmi des gestes de prière. Dans "L'Air vibre" le poète reprend le thème de la musique: En plaçant le concert non plus au milieu d'un attroupement, mais *au bout des champs*, et en détachant la musique non seulement de l'humain, mais aussi des nuages, il ne lui laisse que sa magie et son mystère.

Le dernier poème de la série "Voyage en Grèce" étonne le lecteur,

car l'égarement nocturne et l'angoisse cèdent à une tension vitale. Un vrai rivage est enfin nommé. Bien que le poème soit écrit au futur (le seul du groupe), et que par conséquent le voyage en Grèce soit bien plus hypothétique que tous les autres, la nuit y est enfin surmontée ". . . dans l'élan sans heurt des flots dociles, frémissant parmi les doigts de cette large main posée en souveraine sur la mer." Par cette aventure purement imaginaire, Reverdy confirme la valeur des tentatives préalables, même si elles n'ont point abouti. C'est que dans *La Balle au bond*, loin de chercher à affronter ou conjurer un monde objectif, il s'efforce vaillamment de faire face à la souffrance et à l'angoisse.

Or c'est un monde intérieur, mais idéalisé, privé de traits reconnaissables et de caractère psychologique que le poète fera surgir dans *Flaques de verre*. La notion de temps y est complètement détruite : "Le soleil séparé en deux et les aiguilles arrêtées au milieu du chemin sans bornes du cadran." Clochers, horloges ou cadrans cessant d'indiquer le temps figurent dans un dessin géométrique. Jour et nuit, clair et obscur empiètent l'un sur l'autre, se pourchassant parfois à une telle vitesse qu'on les dirait simultanés. Sans relief, sans péripéties, le temps dépouillé du passé et de l'avenir se limite à un présent éternel où ne subsiste que l'essence du temps, qui est changement, lumière mobile.

Ce drame dénué de comparses, se passant en dehors de toute chronologie, se déroule entre des cloisons sans matière. L'eau et l'air, réduits à la même transparence, se dérobent à toute description. Le ciel ne s'identifie ni à l'éther, ni à un arc où s'accrochent les étoiles. On ne peut le nommer infini, lointain ou insaisissable. Et si l'univers se repeuplait, le ciel se mettrait peut-être à notre portée, car il touche la terre dont il épousse les contours et dont il prend la densité. Incolores et exsangues, les éléments de la nature manifestent géométriquement leur présence. Un arbre ne trace qu'une verticale, une rivière ne s'affirme que par ses bords et par sa mobilité. Les pavés, trottoirs, murs, clochers et toits ne sont nullement des constructions en pierre, mais des lignes sans épaisseur, de simples directions. Le toit résument une ville, les rails esquissant un voyage arrêtent l'élan de l'arabesque. Qui saurait dénombrer les flèches, les signaux sombres incapables de servir de repère ? Et plus le poète redouble les indications, plus on s'enchevêture :

Sur le bord de la ligne, avant la fin du mur qui tombe, dans la rue chaperonnée d'un toit mouvant qui grince et suit le vent qui tourne emportant la fumée autour d'elle. . . .

Les volets, grilles ou fenêtres qui se ferment ou s'ouvrent, images déjà fréquentes dans le premier recueil, ne donnent que furtivement l'impression de la pénétration ou de l'encadrement, impression illusoire que renforce la présence de regards, prunelles, yeux.

Et le traître spectacle s'engage une fois de plus sans crise ou catastrophe. Les plans ne se resserrent pas, la lumière ne fait rien sortir de palpable de l'obscurité et de la mémoire, qui, il est vrai, n'ont rien englouti. Clarté et ombre également tranchantes poursuivent un jeu, qui n'abolit pas plus qu'il ne crée, car on aboutit toujours au royaume des taches insuffisantes.

A quoi bon accuser la lumière de déjouer la volonté de l'Homme, si le poète auparavant a marqué chaque objet de son refus. Même s'il change d'optique tel un peintre avide de tout saisir, il rejette l'univers s'offrant à nos sens. Reverdy se débarrasse volontairement des riches matériaux accumulés dans les poèmes, pourtant bien plus simples, des recueils antérieurs. Dans *Flaques de verre* il cherche à atteindre ce qui est tout à fait privé de couleurs, de matière, de poids, bref, privé de particularité et d'individualité. Et voilà que nous touchons à un des grands axiomes de la poésie reverdiennne, c'est que même réduites à leur essence, à une essence géométrique, les choses restent parfaitement animées. Extraites de leur gangue, elles font éclater toute leur mobilité. Le regard ne peut pas parcourir passivement une ligne droite, qui va dévier, se courber sans en croiser une autre. La contagion linéaire est encore plus manifeste que celle entrevue dans *Etoiles peintes*:

Puis l'herbe a l'air de vouloir suivre le courant—et la prairie tourne et détale—la montagne suit le cadran.

Tout le paysage saute, le pont et le village jusqu'au moment où la lumière redescend.

Impossible de maîtriser ces mouvements ubiquistes et vertigineux, furtifs comme un poisson n'offrant qu'une tranchante seconde d'écarquilement.

Cependant on n'aurait pas tort de dire que dans cet univers assourdi, chargé de tourmentes qui ne détonnent point, une certaine harmonie se rétablit. Nulle promesse d'arrêt. Nul espoir que l'Homme absent ou le poète invisible tisse dans l'obscurité un réseau secret. L'échec

même ne tire plus à conséquence puisque les éléments échafaudés ne peuvent se détruire.

Alors que les poèmes du premier recueil évoquaient tantôt le Picasso cubiste de 1912, tantôt le Picasso antérieur des arlequins et acrobates, les poèmes de *Flaques de verre* font songer aux tableaux si dépouillés que le maître a peints vers 1927. Cette ressemblance ne provient aucunement des images, mais du souci de s'en tenir à l'arabesque. La géométrie et du peintre et du poète, loin de préconiser le règne de l'implacable, fait rayonner une véritable humanité, une intensité, on dirait presque une émotion à l'état pur.

L'épurement de ce recueil permet aussi au mysticisme chrétien de percer d'une façon plus manifeste que dans les recueils précédents, où il se réduisait à quelques allusions. Des titres comme "Vers la foi" et "L'Ame ardente" font ressortir cette attitude religieuse. Dans "L'Homme aux étoiles" le Christ devient présence :

Mais surtout le front troué par les épines, le cœur où sort la flamme et les yeux éplorés—le regard frappe au ciel et la porte qui s'ouvre laisse entrevoir l'espace où remuent les formes mortes sur les chemins tracés par un doigt lumineux.

Remarquons que la vision du Christ tend à effacer le monde quotidien. Bien que des textes comme "Crépuscule dehors" et "On ne peut pas sortir" expriment clairement à la fois l'essor mystique et l'impossibilité d'atteindre cet *ailleurs* timidement évoqué dans *La Balle au bond*, Reverdy, dans ses derniers poèmes en prose, semble par moments vaincre la peur qui le poursuit depuis toujours. Ce poète trop humble pour s'affirmer, refuse de se laisser entraîner vers un monde sublime. La terre raréfiée, transparente de *Flaques de verre* a beau rendre l'au-delà plus accessible, l'Homme ne cherche même pas à s'en aller.

Ce dépouillement géométrique où resplendit une intensité intérieure loin d'être une découverte soudaine marque l'aboutissement d'une longue évolution sans retour en arrière et sans redites.

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## Linguistics in a Strait-Jacket

The preface to Professor Martin Joos' *Readings in Linguistics* (Washington, ACLS, 1957) is one of the most refreshingly uncon-

ventional documents I have ever seen. Together with his other contributions to the volume ("Description of Language Design," p. 349 ff.; "The Medieval Sibilants," p. 372 ff., and his comments on papers by other authors) it shows such a determined tendency toward extreme individualism that one is surprised to find that the book is published under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies and not by the Abbaye de Thélème of Rabelaisian fame, where the only law was *fay ce que vouldras*. This, indeed, is the only rule by which Joos seems to be governed even where he treats what others would consider unshakable axioms. On page vi, for instance, he discusses the simple statement: "This brick is of a lighter shade than that one, 4% heavier, not so dirty, and slightly cracked." One would think that "4% heavier" is as clear an utterance as one could find; not so in the view of Joos. To him "4% heavier" is a "gradual item, in the sense that '4' is one of infinitely many possibilities such as 3, 3. 14159265,  $4\frac{1}{4}$ , etc." The "etc." evidently indicates that, by the same method of reasoning, 4 can also mean 5 and 6 and so on to infinity. Therefore our statement is not, according to Joos, a statement in the proper scientific sense of the word, this term being reserved for utterances of absolute exactness.

The reader is undoubtedly startled by this view that knocks the bottom out of the widely accepted opinion that  $2 \times 2$  make 4. But he has a greater surprise coming. Immediately after having demolished the numeral 4 as a word suitable for scientific discussion, Joos says:

But statements CAN be made with nothing but identicals [absolutely unambiguous words], e. g. it takes three trees to make a row (p. vi).

Why, in the name of logic, can 3 be used to make an absolutely clear statement if 4 cannot? And can "tree" be considered an "identical"? The *Encyclopedia Britannica* states that

it is applied in a wide sense to all plants which grow with a permanent single woody stem of some height . . . there is a somewhat vague dividing line between "shrubs" and "trees" (my italics).

Very few readers will think higher of Joos' sample of an "identical statement" than he seems to think of the expression 4%.

In general, individualists are inclined to concede to others the same freedom of thought and action they claim for themselves; but there are some who from a long habit of blazing their own trail have for-

gotten that even if it should lead them to their goal, it might not be the only possible one. Unfortunately this tendency is very apparent in what Joos writes about various directions in linguistics. Having stated that a new period in American linguistics began with the appearance of Sapir and Bloomfield, Joos describes the achievements of their followers in these words:

Progress in these three decades has been swift: they parallel the history of mathematics from the Principia of Newton to about 1850, or the history of chemistry from Dalton's formulation of the atomic theory to the late 19th century. And in linguistics North America in these three decades has played pretty much the same role as France did in those two centuries of mathematics and Germany in those two generations of chemistry (p. vii).

Of course, if one feels entitled to a rank comparable to that of a Laplace or a Liebig, it is easy to throw aside whatever "outsiders" may have amused themselves with during the decades in question.

It is almost de rigueur to avoid mention of alternatives in method in describing a single language . . . which latter habit has caused outsiders to consider the descriptive linguist arrogant (p. vii).

The consideration that even outsiders might come up with occasional useful ideas has no weight with Joos. He tells them in dry words that whatever they say they will not be listened to.

Altogether then there is ample reason why both Americans and (for example) Europeans are likely on each side to consider the other side both irresponsible and arrogant. . . . We may request the Europeans to try to regard the American style as a tradition comme une autre; but the Americans can't be expected to reciprocate: they are having *too much fun to be bothered* (my italics) (p. vii).

In making fun a measuring stick for scholarly work, Joos is undoubtedly speaking as a true Thelemite, and I must confess that somehow this point of view strikes a responsive chord in me. I have never felt that it is a linguist's duty to stand in silent awe whenever the words "Grimm's law" or "svarabhakti" are mentioned. Anyhow, I am entirely willing to accept the lighter note he has struck as a good way to avoid the acerbity that otherwise might creep into a discussion in which the views of the parties concerned are so far apart as Joos' and my own.

Instead of condemning, I will therefore try to be as understanding as I can, and first of all to find out what the "fun" he is speaking of really consists in. A clue to this semantic problem is offered by Joos' remarks to Bernard Bloch's "Studies in Colloquial Japanese 2"

(*Readings*, p. 185). In comparing the merits of Bloch's paper with those of Eleanor Herz Jorden's "The Syntax of Modern Colloquial Japanese" (*Language Dissertations* # 52) he finds that Bloch's presentation with its novel and rather complicated terminology "risks saying more than is justified," while Jorden's "more sober labels" have the advantage of not putting the reader "in danger of wasting his efforts . . . on pseudo-problems." But in spite of this, he declares himself to be on Bloch's side, since Jorden's labels are "far less fun" (p. 185).

We see now what the word "fun" implies. Mrs. Jorden's terminology may be unimpeachable from any other point of view, but she has erred by failing to make her terminology what the Mikado calls "a source of innocent merriment."

It is easy to convince oneself that the effect of a complicated terminology on the writer's ego is indeed a very exhilarating one. In the terminological style favored by so many modern linguists one might say, for instance: "In the morphophonemic design of Porcic Latin every morph is initiated and terminated by a syllabic nucleus or, respectively, followed by obstruents on the zero level"; of course, we might also say: "In pig Latin every word begins and ends with a vowel, never with a consonant." But in so doing I feel that I miss entirely the delightful feeling accompanying the former "verbalization," a feeling that in subjective terms may be described as an expansion of my personality (including a slight but quite perceptible swelling of the head). Besides, while, before making such a statement, I felt myself a slave to the law of gravity, I am now at liberty to throw my weight about in whatever direction I choose.

This little experiment has convinced me that it is, indeed, great fun to describe language in newly invented terms and occasionally play havoc with old ones. I understand now why the participants in this hilarious sport are as numerous and terminologically productive as they are. A few examples will show to what an amazing degree they are independent of trite tradition.

Take, for instance, Joos' discussion of the term *labial*—until now an unambiguous and therefore useful word.

The phonetic term 'LABIAL' means 'articulated with a lip or lips.' The PHONEMIC term 'labial' means different things for describing different languages. In describing the Oneida language it would be a meaningless term.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> If I dared, I would like to ask "why?" but Joos warns me (*Readings*,

In describing English, it means 'forbidden after /aw/' (where /aw/ means what we spell *ou* in such words as *council*)—that is, after /aw/ without any sort of break (such as the /+/ break in *cowboy*) we never have any of the phonemes /p, b, f, v, m, k, g/ and perhaps certain others; now the first five of these are said to be forbidden after /aw/ because they are labials, and other reasons are found for the others that never occur after /aw/. Thus the term 'labial' is not used in phonemics (though it might still be spoken or written casually) unless to make statements about what occurs, or, because it has not yet been found to occur, is taken to be impossible. Such statements are the characteristic statements of descriptive linguistics; and among them, the statements of non-occurrence are, oddly, of the greatest importance, as will appear again below.

In other words, the term *labial* must be avoided in phonemics unless one speaks of occurring or non-occurring labials!

Naturally, confusion becomes more confused when terms originally belonging to natural science are introduced into linguistics—a favorite pastime with some of our innovators. Take, for instance, the word 'entropy.' What it means in thermodynamics, from where it hails, is more or less immaterial. In linguistics it has two diametrically opposed meanings. According to *Language* 29:7, 4 entropy is "The actual rate at which a source generates information on the average." On the other hand, the glossary added to Whalinough's *Language* says: "Entropy, positive measure of disorder."

All this may still be considered good clean fun. But my sense of humor fails me when I consider what has recently happened to one of our basis terms, the word *linguistics* itself. Only a few years ago, no one would have challenged the Merriam-Webster definition:

The study of human speech in all its aspects, including the origin, nature, structure, and modification of language, or languages, or a language, and including especially syntax, semantics, general or philosophical grammar, the relation between writing and speech, etc.

Today all this has been changed. The attack on the accepted meaning of the term *linguistics* began when George L. Trager, in his pamphlet "The Field of Linguistics" (*Studies in Linguistics, Occasional Papers* 1) suggested that *linguistics* in the widest meaning of the term ("macro-linguistics") ought to be divided into three branches: "prelinguistics," dealing with the physical and biological aspects of

96b) that "Children want explanations and there is a child in each of us; descriptivism makes a virtue of not pampering that child." In view of this, I have decided that I would rather be virtuous than violate the Joos-Lohengrin principle of "nie sollst du mich befragen."

language, "microlinguistics," the analysis of language systems (grammatical systems, phonological systems, morphophonemic systems, etc.), and "metalinguistics," the relations between language and other cultural systems such as social organization, religion, or law. So far so good. But his definition of the second branch, "microlinguistics," is put into words which I can not leave unchallenged. He writes (*op. cit.*, p. 4):

Microlinguistics, which from now on will be referred to simply as LINGUISTICS, its practitioners being LINGUISTS (= linguistic scientists), deals with the analysis of language systems.

What this statement means is simply that prelinguists as well as metalinguists, both of which groups at first were generously accorded by Trager a status within the field of linguistics, are now given to understand that they do not really belong. Only "linguistic scientists" have a right to consider themselves LINGUISTS. What are linguistic scientists? Evidently only those who conform with the rules and methods described in the first paragraph of Trager's pamphlet—altogether sound rules, which, I am sorry to admit, some prelinguists and metalinguists may occasionally have neglected. But can such errors, however numerous and regrettable, justify the general expulsion from the field of linguistics of all who are not "microlinguists"? As far as I can see, there is not the least reason why scientific methods could not be used in dealing with metalinguistic problems, just as well as in any other province of language studies.

Much confusion could have been avoided if only Trager's followers had been content to accept his way of writing *LINGUIST* in capital letters. Then, the *omnium gatherum* of language students would have been called *linguists*, while *LINGUISTS* would have been a short but stately way of designating the "microlinguists." As it is, a laudable but unfortunate modesty has prevented the spelling *LINGUIST* from being generally accepted, with the result that no one knows what the word really means.

These are only a very few instances of the modern tendency to alter and enrich beyond limits the terminology of linguistics. All in all, the result has been stupendous. Let me state it in the words of two scholars who cannot be suspected of a prejudice against LINGUISTICS. In his review of Kenneth L. Pike's *Language in Relation to a Unified Theory of the Structure of Human Behavior*, Harry Hoijer says (*Language* 32, 478):

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... the exceedingly complicated terminology in which it is couched interpose(s) a formidable barrier between the reader and Pike's contributions.

And Einar Haugen writes (*Readings*, 363) :

The tendency toward economy of description has resulted in making many descriptions quite unreadable for other linguists. . . . If only they (the metalinguists) would get together and work out a really usable esperanto for metalinguistic purposes instead of promoting the present Babel.

As late as 1922 Sapir stated (*Language*, preface) that he had consistently avoided unusual terms and that not a single diacritic mark could be found in his book. Now we have arrived at what Haugen describes as "Babel." "Progress in these three (last) decades," says Joos, "has been swift." How incontrovertibly true!

It is a fact that a large body of recent linguistic research is unintelligible because it presupposes a knowledge of mathematics far beyond the level of the average Ph. D. I cannot here go into an explicit discussion of the question in how far mathematical methods can and should be applied to linguistics. I have no doubt that within their proper limits they can be useful and in some cases necessary. But I disapprove of two things: the use of mathematical terminology and formulae as some sort of fashionable ornament and the attempt to eliminate from linguistics all problems that are inaccessible to the mathematical approach.<sup>2</sup>

By way of introduction to his article on "Language Design," Joos describes with a great many technical details how on one occasion he was asked his opinion of a new and unconventional model of a band-pass filter. The reader wonders what such a machine has to do with "a description of language design." The answer is that the story has been introduced in order to show that in the engineer's work everything is done with an intention wherefore it is legitimate to ask why such gadgets have been used and others rejected.

In language, Joos maintains, the situation is entirely different:

Linguists have described numerous languages, and have observed language design-changes through the centuries. But although quite a body of 'how'

<sup>2</sup> It is at this latter point that Joos' paper "Description of Language Design" diverges most sharply from the ideas of non-LINGUISTS: it is his apparent endeavor to present linguistics not only as a field in which mathematics is used, but even as a subdivision of mathematics itself ("a discontinuous or discrete mathematics called 'linguistics,'" p. 39). He speaks of linguistics as "peculiar among mathematical systems in that it abuts upon reality in two places instead of one."

knowledge concerning these matters has been built up, we have so far nothing but a number of unconfirmable guesses concerning the 'why.' Hence most of us are now pretty sure about one thing: there is nothing conscious, nothing deliberate, about language-design. (Naturally we don't mean to study Basic English or Esperanto until we have first built up the theory of natural language-design.) Accordingly we do not present the design of any language as the result of intentions—we do not answer 'why' questions about the design of a language.

It is curious that while I am assured by experts in engineering that whatever Joos says about technical matters shows competent knowledge, the first statement he makes about language is directly contrary to well-known facts. It is simply not true that "there is nothing conscious, nothing deliberate about language-design." Is it not a fact that in English as well as in French, German, and other languages the Renaissance created a style clearly conditioned by a wish to bring these languages closer to the pattern of classical Latin? Have the conscious and sustained efforts of the French Academy and the German Sprachgesellschaften been without effect on the historical development of these languages? Is not much of the recent history of Norwegian characterized by a deliberate effort to rid this language of Danish influence, and isn't there a whole series of invented languages from Volapük to Interlingua, every one of them creating its own system of inflections in a purposeful, although sometimes not very successful way? Joos, of course, knows of these languages but tries to put them aside by saying that "naturally" they must not be studied "until we have first built up the theory of natural language-design." But where does this reasoning lead us? What Joos actually says is that some languages are artificial and others natural, and that only in the history of the former group conscious efforts to bring about a change play a part. But what are natural languages? Evidently those that develop without experiencing the influence of anybody's conscious intentions. A reasoning in circles, if there ever was one.

But it isn't only that Joos has his facts wrong, even the conclusions he draws from the alleged absence of such conscious influences on language are utterly without foundation. How can it be maintained that "why"-questions are legitimate in the presence of deliberate human action but cease to be so where no such influence exists? Doesn't it make good sense to ask why the climate of Norway is milder than the latitude would lead us to expect, although nobody will insist that it was human planning that made the Gulf Stream

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go that way? I can not see that such "why" questions have any lesser standing in the natural sciences than in the humanities. And even if we agree that the development of language is largely determined by non-teleological factors, this is certainly no reason why the investigation of existing cases of purposeful interference with language should be considered taboo for the linguist. That every attempt at explanation must, by definition, be "loose talk" or "unconfirmable guesses" is just not true. If we were to find by a mere statistical count that during the years 1948 to 1957 the word "satellite" referred mostly to countries under Soviet domination, and only comparatively rarely to astronomical phenomena, while the relative frequency was reversed after October 4, 1957, would it be "loose talk" to say that the launching of the first artificial satellite on that day offers a fully convincing explanation of the linguistic development?

The long and the short of it is that while the linguist must, of course, gratefully accept any aid the mathematician has to offer, he must never permit a mathematician or mathematically minded fellow-linguist to tell him what is linguistics and what is not. To say that any aspect of language is outside the province of linguistics because it doesn't invite a mathematical approach is putting linguistics in a strait-jacket.

This, however, is just what some LINGUISTS are trying to do, and Mr. Joos, as usual in the vanguard, wants to go still a big step farther. In his determination to narrow down the field to its least possible extent, he decides that not every sort of mathematics will do: that everything in language that can be treated by the methods of continuous mathematics must be eliminated. Only discrete mathematics can be the true guide of a genuine linguist.

Instead of proving this surprising thesis, Joos illustrates it by telling a story about a telephone engineer, who, never having seen a telegraphic message before, is confronted with the task of decoding one. His attempts to solve it by methods of continuous mathematics having failed, he tries discrete mathematics and finally finds himself in possession of a graph with several thousand points which in his desperation he takes to a cryptoanalyst—who, lo and behold, recognizes it as a transformation of a telegraphic message and is able to tell what it means, thus providing the story with a happy ending.

But is it such a happy ending, after all? "Finally," says Joos, he will describe the design of the telegraphic code, and he will describe it in terms of absolutely identical square-wave signalling atoms, even though he

has never observed anything that could be called absolute identity, and even though he knows that square waves are impossible. And when he has thus finished his job, he will be able to convince his colleagues, the other telephone engineers who knew nothing about telegraphy, that this is the right way to do it. Convince them by logic? Not a chance. Nothing but the superior elegance of his results will speak for the rightness of his method, but that will be enough.

What amazes the reader most is not the introduction of fictitious square waves and telephone engineers who do not recognize a Morse message; is it possible that Joos doesn't realize that in substituting elegance for logic he collides head on with a fundamental principle of mathematics where nothing is considered valid unless it can be logically demonstrated, and demonstrated beyond any possibility of doubt? Where no such rigid proof can be given, no degree of elegance will help. But Joos' extremely sceptical attitude toward the power of logical reasoning carries him a good deal farther. Perhaps more startling than everything else is what he says about maps, geographical as well as linguistic.

Now when one holds a map (in the ordinary sense) in one's hands, one may say, 'I feel that this is a map of the countryside around me here,' but there is no way to prove logically that it is not instead a map of a piece of Australia or perhaps of some imaginary Treasure Island.

Surely most people will think that his scepticism is carried a little too far in regard to geographical maps. Concerning the linguistic maps Joos has in mind his doubts might be justified. His idea about the nature of such a map appears from the following:

Let us agree to neglect the least important features of a speech sound, so that at any moment we can describe it sufficiently well with  $n$  measurements, a point in  $n$ -dimensional continuous space,  $n$  being not only finite but a fairly small number, say six. Now the quality of the sound becomes a point which moves continuously in this 6-space, sometimes faster and sometimes slower, so that it spends more or less time in different regions, or visits a certain region more or less often. In the long run, then, we get a probability-density for the presence of the moving point anywhere in the 6-space. This probability-density varies continuously all over the space. Now wherever you can find a local maximum of probability-density, a place where the probability-density does not increase for short distances in any direction away from the place in question, I will let you call that place a 'phoneme.'

It is unlikely that this rather roundabout method of describing a phoneme can be made more convincing than say a map of New York.

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Unfortunately Joos has failed to help the reader's understanding by showing him one of his six-dimensional maps. This, however, may be due to the difficulty of procuring six-dimensional paper.

The embarrassing fact that a map constructed according to Joos' specifications exists only in his imagination does not impair his confidence in it:

Linguists find themselves so successful in describing languages in this fashion that they have elevated this descriptive technique to the rank of a theory about the nature of language. They say, in effect, that the design of any language is essentially telegraphic—that the language has the structure of a telegraph-code, using molecular signals made up of invariant atoms, and differing e.g. from the Morse code principally in two ways: the codes called 'languages' have numerous layers of complexity instead of only two, and in each layer there are severe limitations upon the combinations permitted.

Joos does not claim that all features of language can be described by this method, but he has a simple way of getting out of this dilemma.

All phenomena, whether popularly regarded as linguistic (such as the tone of anger in an utterance) or not, which we find we cannot describe precisely with a finite number of absolute categories, we classify as non-linguistic science (p. 350).

All continuity, all possibilities of infinitesimal gradation, are shoved outside of linguistics in one direction or the other. There are in fact two such directions, in which we can and resolutely do expel continuity: semantics and phonetics (p. 351).

From their linguistic calculus they (linguists in Joos' sense of the word) banish the continuous variation in phonetic 'state' of the utterance, and the continuous variation in semantic 'real value' thereof.

It is, of course, easy to decree that this and that must be shoved aside, banished, and expelled from linguistics, but it is quite another matter to expel the phenomena in question from language, where at least some of them (among others, language as an expression of anger and other emotions) play an extremely important part.

You will remember the story about Cinderella's step-sister, who cut off her toe in order to get her foot into the shoe. One might understand why an ambitious girl can be willing to sacrifice her toes if that gives her a chance to become a queen; but why anybody should want to cut down the rich field of linguistics to a bare minimum for the dubious satisfaction of making the meagre remainder look like some kind of mathematics is beyond me.

Before I rest my case, I would like to discuss two more points that I think have been overstressed by the school of "scientific linguists."

One is the question of predictability in matters of language development; the other the relation between historical and descriptive linguistics.

Behind the ambition of predicting what will happen to a given language in the future is, of course, the success of some natural sciences in making such predictions, and the prognostics that statisticians, with varying success, base on observations of past or present conditions and trends. Predictions of the first class are obviously impossible in linguistics, and unfortunately those of the second class are, until now, claims rather than results; and sometimes even these claims are made in a fashion that prevents us from taking them very seriously. Note the way in which Charles F. Hockett treats the question of predictions referring to language:

The purpose . . . is not simply to account for all the utterances which comprise his corpus at a given time; a simple alphabetical list would do that. Rather, the analysis of the linguistic *scientist* is to be of such a nature that the linguist can account also for utterances which are *not* in his corpus at a given time. That is, as a result of his examination he must be able to predict what *other* utterances the speakers of the language might produce, and, ideally, the circumstances under which those other utterances might be produced. (Readings, p. 279).

It is the use of the little word *might* that makes the whole statement so utterly unstable. Of course, one can say that in 1980 the Cleveland Indians might win the World Series, but few people would call this a prediction.

In some cases where more positive predictions have been attempted, these concern matters so far distant that neither the prophet himself nor any of his contemporaries will live long enough to see the prediction proved or disproved: for example, the prediction of Joshua Whatmough (*Scientific American*, April, 1952) that, at the rate at which strong verbs have been disappearing from English, not one will be left in about 900 years. Whether or not Professor Whatmough is right will be known by 2800 A. D. In the meantime it may be pointed out that the very basis of this prediction, without which it could not even have been attempted, is of a historical nature: a study of what has happened to the strong verb between 1000 A. D. and today.

In view of this, it is a mystery to me how the same scholars who proclaim the superiority of descriptive over historical linguistics can put forward the claim that their methods make predictions concerning the future of language possible. Without a thorough knowledge of

past historical developments, all such predictions become mere crystal-gazing.

It is only fair to state that even though Joos' *Readings in Linguistics* carries the subtitle "The Development of Descriptive Linguistics in America since 1925," some of its contributors do not treat historical linguistics as a negligibility. Charles F. Hockett (p. 282), for instance, speaks of

Extremists who say that descriptive linguistics is balderdash and a few equally extreme who scorn the comparative method in historical linguistics as irrelevant antiquarianism and at best guesswork.

Suppressing a strong temptation to question the words "a few," I entirely agree with this statement as well as with its continuation in which the author states that historical linguistics without its descriptive counterpart is impossible, since every discussion of historical development in language must clearly be based on a descriptive study of at least two separate stages of the language in question. The converse, that historical points of view can not be entirely eliminated from descriptive linguistics is only implied by Hockett, but follows clearly from his statement that "synchronic analysis ignores whatever personal differences may be known and makes no mention of changes in habits that take place during the period from which the evidence dates." The assumption, however, that language remains unchanged between the time a scholar begins his descriptive work and the time he finishes it is hardly valid even in cases where the investigator is satisfied with the very superficial and inconclusive description that can be achieved within a few hours. I suppose that every field worker in dialectology has had the experience that his informant begins by giving him compromise forms between his dialect and the standard language but finally settles down to producing more and more genuine dialect forms. The fact is that change of language never stops and must therefore be taken into consideration even in descriptive work.

Let us imagine that a man tries to describe a clockwork by telling us all about every big and little wheel in the structure, and only forgets to mention the one little part that makes the whole structure a clockwork: the spring that sets the whole mechanism in motion. Even the most strictly synchronic description of speech can not with impunity ignore the fact that the informant himself and consequently all speech he produces is in a process of constant development. The very fact that, perhaps, for the first time in his life he is given the

task to speak as characteristically as he can is enough to set a process of linguistic change in motion. If this is admitted, then it is clear that even the shortest interview cannot be kept absolutely synchronic. The element of possible changes, minute as they may be, is an element of evolution and therefore a historical factor.

Thus descriptive and historical linguistics must work together; otherwise, neither of them will work. What we want is the closest possible cooperation between the users of both methods, not the erection of a sound-proof wall between them. Whoever insists that either one of these methods is by its nature superior to the other is just giving the strait-jacket another twist.

In absolute contradiction to the opinions advocated by Joos and his followers, I am of the opinion that no definition of linguistics can be accepted that eliminates any fact or group of facts present in language. And I will maintain with equal determination that any attempt to bring linguistic methods under the domination of mathematics, physics, or any other non-linguistic branch of science must necessarily be detrimental to our progress in understanding the nature and the workings of language. The study of language is an autonomous field that cannot be worked successfully with tools borrowed from its neighbors.

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HANS SPERBER

## REVIEWS

**Harry Berger, Jr., *The Allegorical Temper. Vision and Reality in Book II of Spenser's Faerie Queene*** (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1957. xii + 248 pp. \$5.00. *Yale Studies in English*, 137). MR. Berger's treatment of Book II of *The Faerie Queene* is based on the belief that Spenser's allegorical poem can be read in the same way as any other poetry, and moreover that it can be not only appreciated and understood, but justified, in terms of those modern critical assumptions by reference to which it has too often been dismissed as poetically valueless. In fact he proposes to show that "Spenser's allegorical technique is amenable to modern critical taste." His case is presented partly through practical criticism, partly through a consideration of earlier critical approaches to allegorical writing, so as

to "distinguish traditional allegorical from modern poetic criticism and suggest Spenser's relationship to both." The importance of such an attempt cannot be doubted, especially at a time when many critics do not take *The Faerie Queene* seriously as poetry, and so do not read it as poetry, or do not read it at all; and the illuminating nature of much of Mr. Berger's practical criticism fully justifies his approach. Indeed one might suggest that the best argument for the application of modern techniques to Spenser is to be found in the critical demonstration itself, and that the theoretical discussion which is interspersed is sometimes felt to be an unnecessarily argumentative elaboration of a case established by other means. The primary objection which certain modern critics have made to *The Faerie Queene* is that, as an allegory, it depends on extrapoetic meanings, to be sought "not in the work itself (the first condition of modern poetics) but in the physical, psychological, and mental objects which the work presupposes." Believing this, they have misread the poem. Mr. Berger, on the other hand, demonstrates that personification, perhaps the greatest stumbling-block to a modern appreciation of Spenser, is not something "made before it gets into the poem" but the product of poetic action, its character defined by details of incident and description.

Though for one reader at least the demonstration through practical criticism is the most valuable part of the book, some theoretical discussion is clearly necessary in a work of this nature. But Mr. Berger's plan of moving to and fro between demonstration and argument is not kind to his readers, however logical it may appear in itself. It makes for some repetition, and on occasion the reader is left with questions formed in his mind which are not to be answered until the interpretation, or the critical position, which he queries is reconsidered later in the book. Much of the theoretical argument is a kind of demolition work, and of course it is true that the discussion of poetic allegory has been, throughout the ages, inadequate and has doubtless contributed to the modern condemnation of Spenser's poem. Yet an unsatisfactory theory does not necessarily produce unsatisfactory reading, and one may wonder whether the most important thing is not, after all, the quality of attention brought to bear upon the poetry, and whether this may not operate even when the theory put forward is an unpromising one. C. S. Lewis, for instance, propounds a definition of allegory and of symbolism which Mr. Berger, surely rightly, sees as irrelevant to the poem; yet by virtue of a close and sensitive reading, by taking the poetry as seriously as Mr. Berger himself does,

he has achieved for our guidance some of the most penetrating and fruitful of critical comments on particular passages of *The Faerie Queene*, and there are other instances in which it seems open to question whether an extrapoetic theory has given rise to an extra-poetic technique.

Yet a sustained reading of the "poetry qua poetry," such as Mr. Berger provides for Book II, has certainly been lacking; insights gained from a close attention to certain key passages have not been carried further. For example the brilliant handling of Malbecco, in Book III, in which the deliberate flatness of a personified abstraction is exploited at the close of a complex poetic narrative, has long been recognised, but we have failed to examine other "wooden" allegorical passages with the same readiness to see that their limited nature may contribute to poetic meaning. Mr. Berger does not fail, and as a result the behaviour of Furor and of Phedon, of Pyrochles and Cymochles and the inhabitants of Medina's castle, is shown as having, in different ways, its poetic part to play. Again the British and Elfin histories, or the appearance of Belphoebe to Braggadocchio, are seen as an integral part of the poetic structure, through a treatment which illuminates, without doing violence to, the response of generations of readers. That every aspect of Mr. Berger's demonstration can be readily received is hardly to be expected, and there are moments during the progress of Guyon when the pursuit of relevant detail seems a little dogged, and when one questions whether the principle enunciated on p. 133, that "Certain passages therefore demand closer reading than do others," has been applied with absolute tact. Again there are perhaps occasions when Mr. Berger is himself not wholly free from the danger of pursuing meanings away from the poem, and into the abstract precisions of modern neo-scholastic exposition, or on the other hand of a too rigorous attempt to draw the poem, and especially the handling of Guyon, into line with the modern demand for a dramatic technique. But these particular details are debatable and I believe, of secondary importance. What matters is the consistent and continued treatment of Guyon as "a character in a fiction . . . affecting other characters and the narrator in a certain way," not whether one accepts every detail of the demonstration. A great deal of what Mr. Berger has to say is both stimulating and convincing; and above all he has shown that a modern concern for 'the integrity of the linguistic body' can be as helpful in Spenser's case as in that of the poets of the seventeenth century, and that not in isolated

passages only but in relation to the structure of a whole book and so of a whole poem. His concern here is with a detailed treatment of the Legend of Temperance, and those parallels-with-contrast between the first and second books which have often been pointed out and which have recently been explored by Mr. A. C. Hamilton (in *PMLA*, LXXIII, 4, Part I) can be only lightly touched upon. But of course such parallels are themselves part of the poem's complex verbal structure, and it is to be hoped that the rewarding nature of such detailed readings may lead to further and closer examination than has so far been attempted of the poetic structure of *The Faerie Queene* as a whole. Mr. Berger's book is an important example of the value of such an approach, and one for which readers of Spenser will be grateful.

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**Josephine W. Bennett, Oscar Cargill, and Vernon Hall, Jr., eds., *Studies in the English Renaissance Drama: In Memory of Karl Julius Holzknecht* (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1959. xxvi + 368 pp. \$6.00).** THIS worthwhile volume contains twenty-one essays by authors old and nearly new. Besides the implicit testimony of contributions by great older scholars—Alfred Baugh, Hardin Craig, George Reynolds—the volume opens with the convincing witness of Oscar Cargill to the special human decency and scholarly probity of Karl Holzknecht whose devotion to Elizabethan studies the volume honors. The book is more than usually handsome and usable—good print, good index, carefully edited text. Its contents range from good, well-composed essays to inflated, unrealized notations of possibilities which would perhaps not warrant routine publication. In this and in its generous broadcast of subjects, presuppositions and assortments of sophistication the book is a respectable replication of the *festschrift* form.

It is arranged alphabetically by author thus signifying a democratic distaste for the elaborate protocol of the academic pecking order and a deft avoidance of the need better to order the materials. Having grown into a loose confederation of scholarly pursuits, the study of Renaissance drama is in particular danger of ignoring commonsense boundaries. For several of the articles drama hardly forms an occasion let alone a subject. Specifically: Rhodes Dunlap's able note on the authorship of the pacifistic pamphlet, *The Peace-Maker*; Donald

McGinn's laborious investigation of late Tudor pamphlet warfare; Dick Taylor's skillful discrediting of Clarendon's reliability as historical witness; and even Giles Dawson's permanently valuable discussion of perpetual copyright skirmishes in the eighteenth century can only after much wrenching be said to contribute to a formal command of Renaissance drama.

However, let us put aside any disappointment and see the volume for what it is—the physical locus for a number of good essays. Included in these must be Mark Eccles' characteristically rich reconstruction of the official being of Antony Munday, and S. F. Johnson's thoughtful, historically sophisticated attempt to make tragic heroes of Bale's polemicized martyr, King John, and the psychologically unrealized figure of Gorboduc. If critically unpersuasive, Johnson's case should provoke active rebuttal. This being acknowledged, I think essays by Fredson Bowers, Richard Harrier, Vernon Hall, Jr., Alfred Harbage, Irving Ribner and Samuel Schoenbaum are the most interesting in the volume and most worth some critical probing. All but two of these are on Shakespeare and I will start with this separable minority.

The first, Alfred Harbage's "The Mystery of *Perkin Warbeck*," one enters confidently expecting an essay on Ford's interest in compulsively deluded protagonists but, no, Harbage gives us an expert but not quite painless *apologia* for Thomas Dekker as an artist, rather at Ford's expense. In a manner which forms the underlying *leitmotif* of this collection, Harbage is implicitly plumping for wholesome, solid values, for avoidance of the psychologically marginal. It is no compliment when he tells a generation now tiring of stagey and baroque female lecheries that Ford "more nearly resembles our own talented and subtle dramatist, Tennessee Williams, than he resembles Shakespeare. Dekker more nearly resembles Shakespeare." It is Dekker's hand in *Perkin* which purges the air of that play and gives it its smokeless non-Fordian quality. Harbage doesn't persuade me, but I'll never read *Perkin* again without encountering his argument.

The other non-Shakespearean essay of special merit is Schoenbaum's welcome explication of Middleton's dark comedy, *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*. In one of the most poised essays in the book, he protests the inertial Victorian prejudice against this psychologically weighty, grimly honest comedy. His request that we accept the hard-earned sexual realism of this play and place it in our anthologies along with *Volpone* is the not-so-obvious corollary to Harbage's preference for

moral directness—there is no titillation of neurotic sexual cravings in the *The Chaste Maid*; it is a close-grained study of the social purport of lust.

Of the several pieces on Shakespeare, Fredson Bowers' fine-spun and quasi-legalistic consideration of the exact qualities of Hamlet's guilt will probably attract the most attention. His eloquent case turns on many assumptions outside the world of the play, arguable things such as Elizabethan certainties about God's nature and intentions. Bowers is concerned to show that Hamlet is not guilty of murder, that his most serious offense is the accidental slaying of Polonius, and that the play, ending as it does with Hamlet's "expiatory death" for his unintentional crime, is therefore a "death-in-victory." Bowers' potent scholarship makes it possible for him to establish plausible historical abstractions in place of the play itself. His *Hamlet* is non-tragic, resting as it does on nothing in the nature of human motive or limitation, nor on the irreducible incompossibilities of a life of contradictory opportunities and exclusive choices.

He is followed in this "detragedizing" by Vernon Hall who contributes a smoothly written interpretation of *Julius Caesar* aiming to show that the play is not political, that there is no dramatic contest between Caesar and Brutus, and that we need not therefore judge the moral coefficient of any character. The play is a "celebration" of the god-like *virtus* of these splendid, historically recessed figures who are symbols "of the imperial glory of Rome." The resultant version of *Caesar* is static and sunlit, as composed and as easily forgettable as official statuary. Hall avoids the manifest indications that the play is Shakespeare's first real coping with the hard tragic fact that something nobly enacted is not therefore a noble act, that virtue is both an essence and a function and needs constant redefinition in action. These things on which this play (and tragic drama generally) turns seem remote and unappealing fictions in Hall's lucid rehearsal of the play's *elements—not its action*.

Reading the Holzknecht volume straight through should make it clear to anyone (as dozens of other signs in our community life tend to affirm) that we are presently losing our tragic sense and moving rapidly on towards a neo-eighteenth century moralizing of the tragic world of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. This slippage of tragic vision may be inferred in Richard Harrier's otherwise highly intelligent categorizing of the topics of *Troilus and Cressida*, as it may be even more positively in the homiletical reading of *Romeo and Juliet*.

by the usually very sound Irving Ribner. The richly derived argument for Romeo's progressive acquisition of a unified vision of the order of things and of his own guilty place in them is to me distressingly unconvincing. The Bradleyan doctrine of tragic waste, so limiting in other ways, surely fits the body of *Romeo and Juliet* like truth's own garment. Romeo never attains to anything like full self-knowledge and, although there is a kind of tensely gripped affective maturing under the terrible strain of isolation and loss, there is nothing really philosophical about it. It troubles me to see a man of Ribner's manifest professional command and intelligence so overpersuaded by systematic Christian externalities in the reading of a play as concrete as *Romeo and Juliet*.

Finally, one feels that this volume is a suitable monument to the man whose interests and convictions it celebrates. Though confusingly varied, it ends up engaging us in real questions by affirming very concretely that we are members of a validly conceived collective scholarly enterprise and that deep, unanswered questions remain at every level of enquiry.

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Allardyce Nicoll, ed., *Shakespeare Survey: An Annual Survey of Shakespearian Study & Production: 11* (New York: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1958. ix + 223 pp. \$5.50). REGULAR users of this series will welcome the inclusion in this volume of a general index to the first ten *Surveys*. Though its entries are less specific than they should be for maximum usefulness, it is generally reliable as a needed time-saver in research.

Because Shakespeare's last plays constitute a central theme of more workable proportions than some of this series' earlier themes, this volume is particularly satisfying for its greater concentration on some of the most puzzling problems in Shakespeare studies. To begin with, Philip Edwards' "Shakespeare's Romances: 1900-1957" is a model of what these retrospects should and can be. Edwards deliberately sets aside the 'equal-coverage' principle that has turned some of the past retrospects into little more than annotated bibliographies. He has carefully called out representative specimens, treated them in depth and with refreshing candor, and he is willing to take a stand on the worth of the approaches he surveys. His general attitude toward

this century's work on the last plays is announced early in unmistakably firm tones: "Though we may be convinced, because of the constant insistence, that the Romances are important, it is hard to point to the critic who has shown where the importance lies" (p. 1). After pointing out how questions concerning Shakespeare's reasons for writing the romances blur into questions about the artistic merits of these plays, Edwards raises a question—which, unfortunately, he leaves unanswered—likely to sober even the most avid partisan of the romances: "It is perhaps not a profitless speculation, however, to wonder what criticism would have made of these plays, or any one of them, if all Shakespeare's other plays had been lost" (p. 2).

After his comments on those critics, like Strachey, Luce, Raleigh, and Leech, who sought answers in Shakespeare's 'personality' or, as with Thorndike, Bentley, and Harbage, in the theaters and tastes of the age, Edwards embarks with considerable relish on those critics "united in the belief that the Romances are written in a form of other-speaking, and must be translated before their significance can be understood" (p. 6). In his discussion of Knight, D. G. James, Traversi, and other lesser lights among the apocalyptic seekers-after-myth, Edwards achieves an admirable balance of fairmindedness and acerbity of expression. For example, summing up his reactions to Wilson Knight's conclusions in *The Crown of Life*, Edwards drily comments, "It is a sign of the times that one's response to patterns of this kind is not exaltation but considerable nervousness" (p. 8). Because many apparently do experience the 'exaltation,' there will be many readers ready to disagree with Edwards' evaluation of these critics, but they cannot justifiably charge him with misrepresenting the approach involved. In final sections Edwards shows the points at which the work of Bethell and Tillyard converges with and departs from the 'symbolists,' and he describes several (Nosworthy, Danby, Kermode and Pettet) who have been examining Elizabethan conventions in romance as a clue to a better understanding of what Shakespeare may have been trying in these last plays. Edwards argues, wisely, for "some fallow years in discussions concerning the seriousness of the Romances; at least until the manner in which they may be said to be serious has been rather more carefully defined" (p. 17). His final statement of the needs still facing us in the study of the Romances is worth bearing in mind as we consider the six other articles in this volume on the central theme:

To criticize the last plays in terms of the formal requirements of romance and the emotional response of the audience seems to me a very strenuous task considering the temptations we are exposed to of taking short cuts to Shakespeare's vision. But it is probably the only way of not falsifying those moments in these fantastic plays when Shakespeare's verse rarefies the air and we know perfectly well that something important is being said. But, as I have suggested, criticism might for the moment ignore the illumination and the universality in the last plays. If the light which has been the main attraction of the Romances seemed rather pitifully dimmed while more mundane investigations were made into the nature of romance, we might at least have the hope that from modest beginnings, and taking each of the plays on its own, we might learn a critical language capable of interpreting the Romances (p. 18).

If the reader is inclined to agree with Edwards that we have not progressed very far in our study of the last plays, he may understandably look with no very high hopes at the studies which follow Edward's survey. Four of these deal in widely different ways with single plays. In "Six Points of Stage-Craft in *The Winter's Tale*," Nevill Coghill shows his customary concern for the theater as the final testing-ground to dispel some major charges of 'creaking dramaturgy' still brought against this play. Watching Coghill lock horns with Quiller-Couch and Bethell on such matters as the appearance of Father Time and 'Exit, pursued by a bear' is entertaining, if not finally convincing. In "History and Histrionics in *Cymbeline*," J. P. Brockbank reexamines Shakespeare's sources and concludes that "Shakespeare reconciled the conventions of primitive and sophisticated romantic drama to express similar reconciliations in the substance of the plot" (p. 48). Kenneth Muir reopens the authorship-problem of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, reconsiders the various kinds of evidence used in the past, and concludes that Shakespeare's hand is apparent in four scenes not generally ascribed to him. C. J. Sisson, in "The Magic of Prospero," examines some of the reasons the last plays reflect a change in the dramatic uses of the supernatural and, especially, Shakespeare's careful differentiation between white magic (with Prospero) and the demonological arts of black magic. Sisson concludes, rather abruptly, that we would be "better advised" to read *The Tempest* as another of Shakespeare's examinations of the problems of justice than as a symbolic representation in Prospero of God or Providence.

Besides these studies of individual plays, this volume contains two more generalized considerations of the romances. In "Music and its

Function in the Romances of Shakespeare," J. M. Nosworthy considers the increasing emphasis, during the reign of James I, on music as an organic part of drama: "Music is there, in the last analysis, to direct thought and action 'beyond beyond' to a 'brave new world' in which the Golden Age is restored" (p. 68). "The Structure of the Last Plays" by Clifford Leech is the most suggestive essay in this volume. Leech considers our experience of time, placing the documentary film (cycle) and the newsreel (crisis) as opposite extremes in the artistic handling of time—and as the basis for his examination of the final plays: "We shall find in the first and the last of them an approximation to the purely cyclic representation of time, and in the others an attempt to reconcile the notions of cycle and crisis" (pp. 19-20). Leech derives his evidence from widely divergent sources and, at times, the thread of his argument nearly disappears from sight. In its implications for further study of these plays, however, this is the only study in this volume which moves significantly toward developing—to quote Edwards again—"a critical language capable of interpreting the Romances."

Of more general interest are Bernard Harris' account of the 1600 Moorish embassy to England and the fourth installment ("Towards the High Road") in Dover Wilson's "The New Way with Shakespeare's Texts." Harris is markedly conservative in his reconstruction of a colorful episode in diplomatic history as it might apply to *Othello*, but if only for the reproduction and discussion of the Shakespeare Institute's recently acquired portrait of the Moorish ambassador, "A Portrait of a Moor" has its usefulness. Concerning Wilson's developing work, I find myself critically tongued. I have been warned by other textualists working during the period Wilson is so dedicatedly restoring that there are not a few errors in detail contained in this series. However, without a basis in experience comparable to Wilson's, I have no means of spotting these errors, and I am left to enjoy his comments (largely on McKerrow in this instance) for their pungency and vividness.

Elsewhere, F. P. Wilson discusses the recently discovered satirical engraving, "The Funeral Obsequies of Sir All-in-New-Fashions," Mark Eccles charts the composer-musician Martin Peerson's stormy relations with Blackfriars shareholders from 1603 to 1610, and J. P. Feil abstracts references from the Scudamore Papers to (mostly private) dramatic performances from 1610/11 to 1638. In his review of Shakespearean productions in 1957, Roy Walker gives us a lengthy

and discerning description of the Old Vic's *Timon of Athens* with Sir Ralph Richardson, and of the Stratford *Julius Caesar* mounted by Glen Byam Shaw. Muir, Foakes, and McManaway again survey current studies, this time over a period, 1956-57, not notable for the appearance of any really major new work. Theirs is a painstaking recording of ripples on a full-flowing stream.

*Ohio State University*

ROBERT G. SHEDD

**Max Lüthi, *Shakespeare's Dramen* (Berlin: Gruyter, 1957. 474 pp.).** THIS is a full and impressive treatment of Shakespeare as the great Baroque artist, the man capable of seeing and representing the multiplicity of motives underlying human action and the contrast between that disorder and 'der göttliche Kosmos' within which opposing forces find their ultimate resolution. Dr. Lüthi, while recognizing that there are elements in Shakespeare's work that derive from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, believes that it is Baroque that provides the essential pattern, the unifying principle. He contrasts Shakespeare in this respect with most of his contemporaries: for him, much less certainly for them, there was a sense that the world could be put right. But this does not mean that Shakespeare saw an easy dichotomy of good and evil in man's external and internal conflicts. There was no simple choice between, for example, Richard II and Bolingbroke, no simple approval or condemnation of Antony's love. Through the claims that can be, and are, made on either side, the characteristic Baroque tension is set up, and the very complexity of macrocosm and microcosm makes them more exciting and more worth saving. Because of this viewpoint, Dr. Lüthi's book presents a more richly diverse picture of the plays than we are commonly offered. For him the tragedies are not moral allegories with a simple key, and he convincingly suggests that the history plays go beyond a dramatisation of national woe and recovery: in both types it is ultimately 'der Mensch' and his recurrent life-patterns, marked by aspiration and fumbling after security and by a profound sense of continuing insecurity, that constitute the substance of the action.

The book is divided into three main sections—Tragedies, Comedies and Romances, Histories—and each of the 37 plays is given separate treatment. This leads to fluctuations in the sharpness of perception, for it is too much to expect of any Shakespeare critic that he should

have fresh insights to offer on every play. Moreover, there can be no doubt that the equation of Shakespeare with the ideal Baroque artist entails some dragooning of the plays. Perhaps the book's quality comes out best in the handling of some of the comedies: in particular, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merry Wives* and *Much Ado* profit from the way in which the characters are shown to be at odds with themselves and with one another, in their disguises and pretences and self-deceptions, with a sense of truth finally emerging. It is not that an unqualified bliss is implied in the plays' endings. The reference to Don John at the end of *Much Ado*, for example, reminds the audience that they and the characters remain in the sublunary world, where a man is potentially capable of being himself and free and (with the Baroque paradox) God's servant, but where normally he insists on keeping his chains. In his handling of the tragedies, Dr. Lüthi has the advantage of recognising that they are tragedies, that they are pictures of struggle, not of victory. Nevertheless, there is at times an awkwardness in relating the interpretation of the action to the dénouement that Shakespeare has provided. This appears most noticeably with *Hamlet*, where it is argued that Hamlet, not in full consciousness, feels the inappropriateness of revenge and the need for each man to be his own judge. So when, in reply to Gertrude's 'What shall I do?', Hamlet tells her 'Not this, by no means, that I bid you do' and proceeds to a repellent injunction that she shall continue sex-relations with Claudius, he is obliquely urging on her the need to make her own choice. But we are bound to feel that—despite the ingenuity with which this has been unearthed from Hamlet's words—it has little relation with the end of the play, where Claudius has no leisure to judge himself, where the revenger brutally takes his last chance. It can indeed be argued that the tragedy resides in Hamlet's failure to respond to his own finer intuitions, but we may feel that this needs plainer demonstration from the dramatist. There is a reverse of this in the handling of *Coriolanus*, where the ending is made to fit too neatly. Dr. Lüthi has recognised the irony in the way that the hero's naïveté of behaviour goes along with a shrewder insight than is possessed by Brutus, Hamlet or Othello, and he sees too how Volumnia in the earlier part of the play leads the hero into unworthy and self-destructive action. But at the end there is approval for his yielding to her pleadings for Rome, with no sense of the irony that lies in her unawareness of danger and in the spectator's indifference to Rome's fate. Here Dr. Lüthi's view seems to be that the hero has

won his freedom in submitting, but the reader may feel unassured of this. Nevertheless, though it appears that the plays are sometimes made to fit a pre-selected critical pattern, there is throughout the handling of the tragedies a freshness of viewpoint and a sharp eye for the arresting human detail.

Some readers will be altogether less content when they turn to what is said concerning the dark comedies and the romances. Part of the trouble seems to be that, because of his total picture of Shakespeare as the assured Baroque artist, Dr. Lüthi cannot envisage him as falling into confusion: it is recognised that some plays are more fully developed than others and go deeper into human experience, but it seems unthinkable that Shakespeare should lose his way, should sometimes be content with a merely casual resolution of a play's conflicts. So in *All's Well* we are required to believe that there was 'love' involved in Bertram's night with Helena disguised as Diana, despite his abrupt desertion and his subsequent readiness to deny the fact, and that in his ultimate subjection to matrimony he somehow achieved the 'freedom' that is the Baroque man's right goal. In *Measure for Measure* we have a simple repetition of the idea, now surely a little tarnished, that Vincentio is God Incarnate. In *The Tempest* Caliban is merely a 'Kobold,' and it is oddly found a contrasting sign of grace in Trinculo and Stephano that they are taken with the frippery that Prospero has displayed for them. The handling of *The Winter's Tale* is altogether better, and there is a useful discussion of Polixenes' and Perdita's debate on Nature and Art—yet curiously Dr. Lüthi neglects to note Perdita's final obstinacy concerning the cultivation of gillyvors. A similar, and in this book particularly regrettable, simplification shows itself in the comments on Prince Hal: it is indeed strange that there should be no recognition of a doubleness of attitude here, and the enthusiasm for the English cause and the English leader at Agincourt is taken to a point where the French are blamed for distinguishing between high-people and low-people (a practice which the English too follow at IV. viii. 80-84, 107-11). Indeed, in his discussion of these plays the critic has allowed popular simplifications to master his frequently remarkable power to see what lies below the surface of dramatic action.

It would be possible to go through each play in turn, drawing attention to Dr. Lüthi's insights and sometimes Procrustean (or at least not wholly convincing) treatments, but enough has perhaps been said to indicate the book's general theory and the application of it.

However sceptical a reader may be of the final validity of the theory—for indeed there will always be those who see in Shakespeare neither the ultimate assurance of Baroque nor the kind of formal patterning that mirrors the assurance—he will find much here to sharpen his own insights and to confirm his sense of the Shakespearian multiplicity of statement. Yet there is one last matter that may leave him uneasy. Dr. Lüthi shows himself well-versed in German and English and American scholarship, and he frequently refers to scholars and critics to whom he is indebted. Yet he hardly ever mentions the name of a writer with whom he is in sharp disagreement. This would not matter if the book did not seem to aim at being a quasi-definitive work on Shakespeare. There is an 'Anhang' of 56 pages, in which—under the headings 'Shakespeares Leben,' 'Zeitgeschichtlicher Hintergrund,' 'Shakespeares Werke,' 'Ausgaben, Übersetzungen, Interpretationen'—our contemporary information is briefly summarised. The student is likely to feel that the book is offering him an orthodoxy which alone need be attended to. It is both less, and better, than that, being an approach to Shakespeare by means of a hypothesis that is not likely to win universal acceptance but has nevertheless brought into the light much that commonly escapes attention.

Durham

CLIFFORD LEECH

Thomas Dekker, *Dramatic Works, Vol. III, ed. Fredson Bowers* (New York: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1958. 649 pp. \$10.50). ODDLY enough, Thomas Dekker bids fair to rival Thomas Nashe as the best-edited Elizabethan author. Certainly there are few texts of other writers as satisfactory as Professor Wilson's editions of the plague pamphlets and *Foure Birds of Noahs Arke* and Professor Bowers' of the plays. With the publication of the third volume, containing *The Roaring Girle*, *If this be not a good play*, *Troia-Nova Triumphans*, *Match mee in London*, *The Virgin Martir*, *The Witch of Edmonton*, and *The Wonder of a Kingdome*, the latter is virtually complete, though it appears that a fourth volume, presumably consisting of doubtful plays, is still to come.

As is well known by now, this edition is exemplary in scope and method. Mr. Bowers has produced a critical old-spelling edition according to a method fully explained and rigorously applied. There

is very little normalization<sup>1</sup> and a minimum of emendation. Mr. Bowers can bring himself to eliminating the superfluous apostrophe in *baw'de* (*If this be not a good play* I. i. 50) and *So'are* (II. i. 67) but not that in *wou'l'd* (I. i. 30) or the third person singular *Sit's* (*The Wonder of a Kingdome* I. i. 72), to moving the apostrophe in *e'atst* to *eat'st* (*If this be not a good play* I. ii. 223) but not those in *Im'e* (I. i. 29) or *The'r's* (I. i. 130) or *tot'h* (I. ii. 114) or *Yar'e* (V. i. 11), and not to inserting an apostrophe in *toot* (II. i. 111) or *Beet* (V. i. 29). The same austerity forbids the excision of the superfluous parentheses in "That suck'd (our Dams brest)" (I. i. 64) and in "at your Citie gates | The Diuells purseuant will beate (the Canon.)" (III. iii. 176). One of the virtues of this edition is that the text is based on a collation of all known copies of each play, even when there are as many as 26. The printing history of each play is carefully considered and the treatment of the text is governed by the conclusions arrived at. Often Mr. Bowers prefers the readings of the uncorrected formes to those of the corrected, which are not likely to be the work of the author. Thus he prints *mischife* (*If this be not a good play* I. i. 49) although this was corrected in press to *mischife*, "least you should want helper" rather than "helpers" (I. i. 126), "laden w'th the spoiles of warre" rather than "with" (II. i. 71). He rejects the corrected version of I. ii. 27, "As you goe | Or speake, or feede, (vn-wondered at) let mee be so" for "let mee so." When he finds "That call'd for" corrected to "Thart call'd for" he prefers to print "Th'at" (I. i. 42). Everything that Mr. Bowers does is done after an exhaustive examination of the data and on the highest bibliographical principles. The result is an edition that sets a new high-water mark in editorial practice.

If one feels any reservations about this edition of Dekker, they are reservations about old-spelling texts. An edition like this is manifestly made for scholars, and scholars, who know exactly what they have before them, will revel in it. Unfortunately, it won't give the help which they need to potential non-scholarly readers of Dekker. The uninitiated reader will be baffled or annoyed or at least retarded time

<sup>1</sup> What there is (chiefly in lists of *dramatis personae*, headings, stage directions, italicization, and expanded numbers and abbreviations, e. g. *two pence* for *ijd.*) is not absolutely necessary and leads to small anomalies when lower case letters are raised to upper case or vice versa. In the heading of the dedication of *If this be not a good play*, Mr. Bowers prints *Loving*, *Loved*, and *Seruants*; the anomalous *v*'s are explained by the fact that in Q the first two lines of this heading are set in upper case.

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after time on every page by those eccentricities which an old-spelling text piously preserves. To me it seems a pity that an edition of a minor but entertaining writer, so intelligently and painstakingly prepared and so handsomely turned out, should remain a closed book to all but a coterie. When Sir Walter Greg produced a magnificently meticulous composite text of *Doctor Faustus*, which was therefore virtually unreadable, he cannily published at the same time an edition in modern spelling incorporating the results of this minute analysis of the substantive texts. It is a pity that something like this cannot be done for Dekker, whom a number of people without the patience or the training to read Mr. Bowers' text with ease might learn to enjoy. If there are no such people, then scholarship is only an expensive hobby carried on by a few enthusiasts for pure self-gratification. If there are some, literary scholars, who fervently profess humanistic aims, might well do something for them.

*University of Pennsylvania*

M. A. SHAABER

**John Robert Moore, *Daniel Defoe, Citizen of the Modern World* (Chicago: The Univ. of Chicago Press, 1958. xv + 409 pp. \$7.50).** NO reader of Defoe has ever for a moment been unaware of the sense of truthfulness and real-liveness which permeates everything he wrote; not a little of the enduring and endearing quality of *Robinson Crusoe* lies just there. Somehow Defoe had a genius, and it is certainly not less than genius, for conveying the "you are there" atmosphere. Professor Moore in this biography continues the practice, followed by all Defoe biographers, of using multitudinous autobiographical statements (from 545 separate Defoe works, according to the *Notes*) to create a "life" about which, unluckily, contemporary records have so far been frustratingly silent.

However, Professor Moore has found confirmation for a number of Defoe's autobiographical statements. He has unearthed uncontested facts concerning Defoe in the pillory (probably the best chapter in the book) and Defoe's family. But there remain handfuls of declarations by Defoe which are unsupported by corroborative evidence. The "life," consequently, lacks convincingness. The reader who turns to this new biography, published upon the eve of the three hundredth anniversary of Defoe's birth, puts it down with a sigh: it is vastly interesting, but it is not the "great" life Defoe deserves.

But the unwary reader will not mis-read for fact what Professor Moore puts forward as merely logical assumption. Such expressions as "if," "about," "it seems probable," "quite possible," and "it is not certain," are honest warnings generously scattered on almost every page if not in every paragraph. To illustrate:

Defoe was never exiled. But like many other active opponents of James, he may have found it safe to go abroad after the collapse of Monmouth's Rebellion. Between 1685 and 1688 he seems to have spent considerable time on the Continent as merchant and traveler. Perhaps he was back in England in 1686 when he "had the honor to see a calculation made to the Privy Council" regarding the balance of trade with France. About 1687 . . . (p. 55).

Defoe probably will always remain the most frustrating scholarly subject in English literature: anonymous and named, he was before the reading public for more than forty years. Hailed, jailed and pilloried, scorned, cozened and closeted, he flitted through the penumbra of the backstairs to the apartments of King William, Harley and Godolphin, or slogged alone through mud and rain from inn to inn galluping English opinion. Unlike Swift he was never publicly acknowledged, never seen riding with Harley or dining with Godolphin. Unlucky Defoe and unlucky Defoe scholars! Contemporary accounts of his being in such company fail to corroborate his characteristically convincing general statements, modestly vague, about his relationship with royalty and ministers of state. (Professor Moore flatly declares that Defoe had an "intimate acquaintance with William" and that he was "employed by the king as advisor, friend and advocate.") Nor do we have identification of the many unnumbered "gentlemen" whom Defoe had the pleasure of advising on subjects as varied as estate management and wartime trade with the French.

Professor Moore's most satisfactory scholarly chapters are those upon which he has been at work for many years, "The Pillory," "Economist," and "Family and Private Life." He is less rewarding in his account of the novels. The chapter "Robinson Crusoe" disposes of that first novel in English in some six pages of general remarks. Of the editions and translation which quickly followed its publication nothing is said except that it was liked in France and that an Eskimo translation appeared in the nineteenth century.

This reviewer would like to raise a lance against the manner of notation. Modelling his notation "approximately" upon that of Trevelyan, Professor Moore presents the reader with clotted footnotes

which defy emulsification. For instance, footnote 23 for Chapter Ten subsumes one four-sentence paragraph (or does it also include the preceding three-sentence paragraph?). This one footnote has within it thirty-eight separate globules, fifteen of which are skimmed from the *Review*. What has become of the true function of notes?

No separate bibliography is included, but under "Preface to the Notes" Professor Moore lists about one hundred items, of which thirty-five are by himself. Of Defoe's works, however, only the *Tour* and the *Letters* are listed although the largest single source of reference is the *Review*.

The City College of New York

W. L. PAYNE

**Malcolm Goldstein, *Pope and the Augustan Stage* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford Univ. Press, 1958. viii + 139 pp. \$4.00).** MR. Malcolm Goldstein's discussion of Pope's relations with the theatrical world of his day seems of questionable value. The author often seems to strain the facts or to oversimplify the issues, and the final effect of his book is mainly one of pretentiousness.

The most unsatisfactory feature of the book is its method of argument, which appears tenuous and inflated a good deal of the time. A typical example of the book's procedure is afforded by the statement that "The range of Pope's work on *Cato* cannot be deduced exactly, but it must have been extensive." The evidence for this "extensive" is Pope's remark to Spence, "I believe [Addison] did not leave a word unchanged, that I made a scruple against in his *Cato*," along with two specific instances of Popean alterations also given by Spence. Again, there is the procedure which takes some of Pope's most evasive or merely polite remarks from his letters and, on the basis of these remarks, erects a solemn structure of Popean taste and judgment in drama. In the case of Pope's relations with such writers as David Mallet and Aaron Hill this procedure seems particularly whimsical: on the one hand Pope's letters to such writers are supposed to reveal sincere and enthusiastic admiration for their plays, and this admiration is then used to indicate Pope's theory and taste in drama; and yet on the other hand Pope's endorsement of "tiresome plays" is later "easily explained" by the fact that Pope "seldom did more than give a pat on the back to an old friend—surely a forgivable offense." The last opinion seems the more likely, and it only causes one to

wonder the more why the first is put forward at such length and with such seriousness.

It is perhaps useful to have collected in one volume all the gossip, hearsay, legend, fact, fiction, opinion and conjecture (however trivial or unimportant these may be) that one may uncover and advance about Pope's relations with the theatrical world; and it is certainly useful to be reminded that Pope had a serious interest in the drama, and that he fought to preserve it from what he regarded as the forces of corruption. But in Mr. Goldstein's treatment of the subject one feels that much information that is known has been repeated to no significant purpose, that much information has been given wholly unjustified importance, and that frequently the method of argument is so much that of supposition that it is simply unacceptable.

*University of Florida*

AUBREY WILLIAMS

Doris V. Falk, *Eugene O'Neill and the Tragic Tension* (New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1958. xi + 211 pp. \$4.50). MISS Falk claims that her book "presents an interpretation" of the plays of Eugene O'Neill. It does, but only in an ancillary way. It interprets the psychological mechanisms that impelled O'Neill to write his plays, and only a professional psychoanalyst, one adept in the insights of Jung, Horney and Fromm (whom Miss Falk has read very carefully), could say whether her interpretation is correct. The literary scholar will find her book interesting or—like Joseph Wood Krutch—"original," but he will find little clarification of the plays as drama. Knowing the origin of a work of art has its values, but they are not the values of dramatic criticism.

The chronological treatment of the plays serves Miss Falk well. It helps her to prove her thesis that the psychological pattern of O'Neill's plays "seems to reflect a pattern in the author's psyche." She accepts such "generally conceded judgments as that O'Neill is skilled in technical theatics but inept in diction," and she does not "try to place O'Neill in the history of the theater." The concession she accepts is no longer so general in recent criticism, and placing O'Neill in the history of at least the American theater might help to explain to some extent the enormous impact of his plays at the time of their presentation.

The basic theme in all of O'Neill's plays, as Miss Falk sees it, is

the tension between reality and illusion. His characters hide themselves from themselves and the world behind a mask. His artistic problem, beginning with *Servitude*—a discarded full-length play of circa 1914—and *Bound East for Cardiff*, his first acted play, was how to transmute symbols into living characters. These symbols came from psychology. The basic struggle within an O'Neill protagonist is “the struggle of the conscious will to assert itself against an unconscious will”; and since “neither force . . . can ever be completely dominant without causing death or insanity,” the struggle must end in tragedy. As an explanation of tragedy—Sophoclean, Shakespearean, or O’Neillean—this is, at least, a debatable theory.

Miss Falk, however, finds it workable. In *The Hairy Ape* and *Beyond the Horizon*, for instance, she sees the barrier to understanding the unconscious as one set up by the conscious ego. That Yank embarks upon a voyage of exploration of self—after Mildred has shown him to be an anachronism in the new age—is clear from the text of the play; and from the text of *Beyond the Horizon* it is clear that Robert has lost himself by accepting Love and farming instead of Singapore and poetry; but it is not clear from the texts that the tragic endings of these plays were the inevitable result of the struggle between the conscious and the unconscious. O’Neill the playwright presumably had something to do with it. *Anna Christie* could have ended tragically, or at least “unhappily,” but O’Neill thought that his people “would act in just the silly, immature, compromising way that I have made them act.”

There is no doubt that O’Neill had read Jung and knew of his theory of the racial or collective unconscious. That he always made good dramaturgic use of his knowledge is a problem which Miss Falk hardly touches upon. She is content with pointing to correspondences. Jung had called the sea the symbol of the collective unconscious; ergo, the sea in *Anna* “hints” of the Jungian race memory. She notes the type of personality described by Karen Horney; O’Neill’s characters seem to match these types. She quotes O’Neill’s directions for the setting in *Desire Under the Elms* (“There is a sinister maternity in their aspect, a crushing, jealous absorption. . . . They are like exhausted women resting their sagging breasts and hands and hair on its roof, and when it rains their tears trickle down monotonously and rot on the shingles.”) and is quick to indicate the symbolic meaning of the elms, but she fails to note that *on the stage*

O'Neill's pretty stage setting cannot mean any of the things he ascribes to it.

The last chapter of Miss Falk's book is her best. Here, in dealing mainly with *Long Day's Journey into Night*, she is confronted by a group of real people. Invented characters are the product of a creative imagination; in *Journey* O'Neill recalled, bitterly and tenderly, his own father, mother, brother and himself at a certain period in his life. Miss Falk, the theater spectator overcoming for a moment the student of psychoanalysis, finds *Journey* "excruciatingly powerful because it is so painfully and consistently realistic." Of course, it is "full of symbols,"—all of life is—but its characters are "memorable, fully created individual personalities."

Miss Falk has written an interesting study around O'Neill, interesting as psychological speculation, methodology, tangential biography, or psycho-literary criticism. But the plays of O'Neill as drama, as works for the theater, still remain to be studied.

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N. BRYLLION FAGIN

Sidney D. Braun, ed., *Dictionary of French Literature* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1958. xvi + 362 pp.). THIS dictionary is the first work of its kind in English. The cultivated public and students looking for quick information will find here biographical and chronological data on authors and works of French literature from its origins to our own day. This book has some extremely useful features: titles are entered separately, enabling the happy tyro to match authors and titles. Second, many works are briefly summarized and characterized. Third, there are articles covering an entire period, school or literary form (some are quite extensive; e.g. *Classicism, Dadaism, Naturalism, Poetry, Romanticism*), or marginal topics (e.g. *Cinema*), and even the leading theatrical companies. Finally, and perhaps most useful of all, many terms of literary criticism are explained (e.g. *bovarysme, écriture artiste, mal du siècle, short story*, and even *tranche de vie*). A special list of these entries enables the American reader to get rapidly acquainted with the features of French literature which most clearly differentiate it. Short bibliographies wind up most of the articles. Twenty-two scholars collaborated on this work, but Professor Braun was able to preserve its homogeneity.

I even suspect that the emphasis on playwrights and plays may be due to his own particular interest.

Some of the articles will contribute especially to the development of the reader's interest in French literature. I am thinking specifically of those which relate literature to the other arts (e.g. *Cubism*, *Impressionism*). This dictionary does not aim at supplanting the existing histories of literature, or the larger dictionaries edited by Cardinal Grente, but it will serve to arouse curiosity in these fuller works, and above all, in the texts themselves.

It was inevitable that such a complex compilation should have its flaws. The bibliographical appendices are very short (with the exception of a few much more detailed and useful, such as s. v. *Poetry*), and the choice of books was obviously dictated by a desire to orient the reader toward easy introductory works rather than scholarly discussions, although the latter are not wholly lacking. It is to be regretted that even within these limits the dictionary omits reliable recent surveys such as F. Alquié's on Descartes, J. B. Barrère's on Hugo, P. Jourda's on Marot, G. Michaud's on Mallarmé, Lebègue's on Ronsard, H. Peyre's on the contemporary novel (s. v. *Novel*), and *états des questions* such as *Connaissance de Baudelaire* of H. Peyre. Even nonspecialists can profit by reading more technical studies of the type of J. Prévost's on Baudelaire and Stendhal, and it would have been infinitely better to cite Etiemble's *Mythe de Rimbaud* than to regress to Paterne Berrichon.

Obviously, a dictionary of this size must be selective and lacunae are quite excusable anyway where the most recent literary developments are concerned: thus, we have Françoise Sagan, but not Michel Butor; Beckett, but not Ionesco. Nevertheless, there are some omissions I find difficult to accept: checking at random, I miss Paul-Louis Courier, Petrus Borel (when we do have Aloysius Bertrand), Léon Bloy, Gobineau, Maurice de Guérin, Tristan Corbière, Robert Desnos, Simone Weil.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There are others; the importance of some should have been obvious because of their influence, if not because of their art; some, less obvious, are certainly more significant than Gyp or Gantillon or Ancey, who are included, although they do not seem destined to last longer than, let us say, the late Farrère, or Georges Ohnet: e.g., E. About (mentioned p. 113), P. Arène, abbé d'Aubignac, Léon Blum, Cazotte, Philarète Chasles, Chênedollé (and Millevoye), Colletet, V. Cousin, Léon Dierx, Du Camp, Mme du Deffand, Guizot (and even Thiers), Huet, Léo Larguier, chevalier de Méré, E. Quinet, Rodenbach, Saint-Pol-Roux, Comte de Saint-Simon (since Fourier is included), Sarcey, Jules Vallès, Veuillot, Volney.

As for the entries other than subjects and works, I miss especially significant literary periodicals like the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 19th century, or the *NRF* for the 20th. The reader would benefit from articles on the main literary themes and motifs, on the great currents of influence (Aristotle's influence is treated, but not that of the Bible, of Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Shakespeare, E. T. A. Hoffmann, E. A. Poe, *Werther*, or Ossianism). It is too easy to find fault with a list of technical terms of literary history and criticism; but one omission at least must be noted, that of the Prose Poem.<sup>2</sup>

It was difficult to maintain a hierarchy of importance among the various authors, but I do not think I am yielding to subjective preference when I balk at an article on Baudelaire hardly longer than the one on Brieux or Pellerin; Claudel gets no more space than Lenormand; Rimbaud with only fifty-nine lines, is neck and neck with Verhaeren and Henri de Régnier! The article *Criticism*, undoubtedly one of the most arduous to compose, does not do justice to the "non-professional" critics (Diderot is quickly disposed of; nothing on Fénelon; nothing on Hugo's *William Shakespeare* and its deep insights into the nature of poetry). The *Epic* is reduced to the *chanson de geste*: what then of the *Franciade*, the *Henriade*, the 19th-century philosophical epics (especially after H. J. Hunt's studies)? Bossuet's attitude toward textual criticism of the Scriptures and his persecution of Richard Simon are not mentioned; Fénelon's views on education remain unexplained; the article on Hugo devotes much attention to his drama, the most perishable part of his work, and to the poetry written before his exile, but the *Contemplations*, on which his poetic thought hinges, are given only mention; the *Légende* is hardly treated at all, *La Fin de Satan* and *Dieu* are left out. To define *Satire* as a "short poem" is to exclude d'Aubigné's *Tragiques*, and others. Excessive modesty leads the editor to bypass the sexuality in Colette and the homosexuality in Proust and Gide. What is said of the role of the Académie as a conserver and codifier should have been qualified with Brunot's criticism. Balzac's philosophical ideas, especially his relation to Swedenborgism, deserved more space. Michelet's non-historical works were entitled to more than an allusion. Giraudouï's variants prove that his preciosity, far from being spontaneous (p. 144),

<sup>2</sup> Some others, less important: *monostich*, *rejet* (we have *enjambement*, *stream of consciousness* (alluded to, s. v. V. Larbaud)). The indexes of Wellek's *History of Modern Criticism*—not quoted, by the way, s. v. *Criticism*—could have been put to use to increase the number of entries.

is the product of stylistic labor. To call Renan's attitude towards Christianity unorthodox is to underestimate the case too much.

The emphasis, in this book, is upon biography and often upon external circumstances surrounding the works discussed: it should be rather upon literary art, upon *l'écriture*. Everything else merely serves to help us evaluate this art. But this fundamental criticism applies to all conventional histories of literature and it would therefore be unfair to take Professor Braun too severely to task. It is certainly almost impossible to summarize in a dictionary article the structural and stylistic characteristics of an author. But Ch. Bruneau more than once achieved such condensation in his *Petite Histoire de la langue française* (1955-58). Without this, a literary dictionary differs only quantitatively from a general encyclopedia. Without this, an author's art cannot be defined with respect to genres, literary fashion, the viewpoint of the readers for whom he wrote, its difference from the works it imitated or emulated.<sup>3</sup> Without style analysis one winds up with unprovable assertions that lead nowhere<sup>4</sup> or with impressionistic judgments which do not define and awaken no echo in the reader.<sup>5</sup> Let us hope that handbooks will not in future dispense with the stylistic approach.

My reservations—I insist upon this—do not prevent me from regarding Professor Braun's dictionary as a very practical tool for those beginning to read French literature.<sup>6</sup>

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MICHAEL RIFFATERRE

<sup>3</sup> The absence of a differentiation based on style makes some cross references illusory: for example, going from Massillon to Bossuet, from Bourdaloue to Fléchier or Mascaron, does not teach us anything on the aims, principles and aesthetics of classical *éloquence sacrée*.

<sup>4</sup> E.g., p. 190: "accurate and beautiful description" is vague, and raises a fundamental aesthetic problem; p. 249: Desportes's "mawkish preciosity"; p. 338: "truculent style of great originality."

<sup>5</sup> There are felicitous exceptions (e.g., Claudel; p. 75, cubist poem), but what are we to think of formulas such as: Cocteau's "aesthetics of language consists in deforming speech in such a manner that what normally is associated becomes dissociated, resulting in a synthetic image of the poet's consciousness" (p. 56)? What is Lautréamont's "lofty imagery" (why not use Bachelard more, since he is quoted)? What are the formal characteristics of the symbolic image (p. 334)? "Simultaneity," as a structural device, should be defined (p. 310).

<sup>6</sup> The book is amazingly free of misprints. Correct however: p. 190, col. 1, Pétavel; p. 188, col. 1, Duc; p. 284, col. 2, Tieghem; p. 323, col. 1, the 1951 edition of Martineau, *Oeuvre de Stendhal*, made the 1932 one obsolete.

**James O. Crosby, *The Text Tradition of the Memorial "Católica, Sacra, Real Magestad"*** (Lawrence, Kansas: Univ. of Kansas Press, 1958. xiv + 182 pp.). PROFESSOR Crosby's is the second recent attempt to establish an authoritative text of the celebrated *memorial*, J. M. Blecua's having appeared only four years ago ("Un ejemplo de dificultades," *NRFH*, VIII [1954], 156-173). The poem has always excited an interest out of proportion to its intrinsic merits, owing primarily to its attribution to Quevedo, and more particularly to the hypothesis that his arrest and imprisonment were a consequence of having written it. Since Quevedo's disgrace is as provocatively mysterious in its way as Ovid's, such interest is only natural. The intrinsic merits of the poem, moreover, if not enormous, are real enough to warrant serious attention. Together with the enigma of authorship, they are ample reason for two coincidental efforts to reduce at least the textual confusion. To be sure the results do not coincide.

Blecua has compared fourteen manuscripts and editions, Crosby twenty, which do not by any means represent the total number consulted. Transpositions, omitted verses, interpolations, and other variants raise problems of extreme complexity. These not only concern the authenticity of the text itself, but have important implications for such other questions as that of attribution. For instance Blecua, marshaling his arguments for rejecting Quevedo's authorship, includes the style among them; whereas Crosby, attempting no stylistic judgments, points out how unreliable they must be until the text is accurately established. Since he arrives at a text of 152 lines against Blecua's 190, the point is worth raising.

This wide divergency is in part the result of divergent approaches. The additional verses on the whole sharpen the personal criticism of Philip IV and his minister Olivares. They do not appear in the first printed edition to attribute the work to Quevedo. As this edition dates from the king's lifetime (1648), the omission seems logical to Blecua. Regarding their absence from many manuscripts, that editor queries whether manuscript transmission of a text may not favor abridgement somewhat as oral transmission is assumed to favor it. At all events, he bases his text on MS A, though in anything but peremptory fashion, candidly admitting its shortcomings and the possibility of further corrections.

Crosby limits himself more strictly to a rigorous comparison of all available manuscripts and significant editions, according to principles seldom if ever so systematically applied to Spanish material of the

seventeenth century. His twenty manuscripts (they include for convenience two printed versions) fall into three groups, of which the first contains 152 lines, while the second and third are longer. His analysis of structure and sense confirms his other evidence for regarding the additional lines as interpolations by a different hand or hands. Through an examination of errors, both common and unique, he reduces his twenty manuscripts to five relatively pure and reliable texts. Of these, MSS G and M are shown to be derivatives of archetype  $\mu$ , which represents the purest tradition. It was not the original manuscript, but a copy, to which MS G is our nearest surviving approach. The basis of Crosby's text is therefore MS G, judiciously corrected. It is printed on the right hand pages 45-79. Variants are shown at the foot of the page, acceptable readings distinguished from obvious errors, and further distinguished according to their provenience. Inserted verses are printed on the facing left hand pages.

I think there can be no doubt that Professor Crosby has given us as nearly definitive a text as we are likely to have, and in a form as well adapted as any that could readily be devised to a comparison with other texts, as well as to a check on his own procedure and conclusions. He has shown great patience and skill, and great patience and skill will be required to follow his example. In fact except for the example, one might feel that his apparatus is almost needlessly elaborate. The work had all to be done, but we might have been convinced without seeing it all before us. Nor need one perhaps be quite as pessimistic as Crosby about an eventual narrower dating of manuscripts. Though they are not for everyone, watermarks and other clues from paper may occasionally help solve a knotty problem. Crosby has done excellently without them, as Blecua will probably agree. I should not be surprised if he is fully persuaded. It is characteristic that while his conclusions on the *memorial* differed from Crosby's, he assisted the latter with essential information. Others have experienced the same generosity.

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EDWIN S. MORBY

René M. Galand, *L'Ame celtique de Renan* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press; Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1958. 254 pp. Institut d'Etudes Françaises de Yale University). THE greater part of Professor Galand's book is devoted to a critical assessment of Renan's

views on the Celts—especially those expressed in the 1854 essay on "La poésie des races celtiques" and the later *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse*. However the interesting feature of this study is that it does not confine itself to a discussion of the sources of Renan's ideas—his Celtic heredity, his early years in Brittany, his attachment throughout his life to his native province, his having attended Ozanam's course at the Sorbonne, having been influenced by the theories of Herder and Cousin on the primitive mind, having read Augustin Thierry, La Villemarqué (often with a critical eye) and all the works dealing with the Celts (a field of knowledge on which research was at that time scanty and unreliable.) This book strives to prove how a study of Renan's sources is quite inadequate to explain his own *poncif* on the Celts. Surely Renan was indebted to Macpherson's Ossian and to the clichés traditionally accepted ever since the Preromantic age. But according to Professor Galand, it is Renan's own personality which had the greatest impact on his ideas. "Celte lui-même," he writes, "Renan est entraîné à voir dans les Celtes ce qui correspond à son propre idéal humain" (p. 75). "En croyant tracer le portrait des Celtes, c'est aussi le sien que Renan croit dessiner" (p. 153).

The Golden Age of the medieval Celtic civilization and the lost paradise of his childhood in Tréguier seem to blend in Renan's mind to form an ideal realm, a precious sanctuary contrasting with the modern era which he despised. The following lines from the preface of the *Essais de morale et de critique* show that Renan was not unaware of the nostalgic and idealized character of his treatment of the Celtic world: "C'est la région où mon imagination s'est toujours plu à errer, et où j'aime à me réfugier comme dans une idéale patrie."

While one cannot but agree with Professor Galand's demonstration of Renan's "tendance systématique à la poétisation," one may dispute the assertion that Renan's portraiture of the Celts is not only subjective, but essentially fallacious. In fact one wonders whether the author of *L'Ame celtique de Renan* believes at all in the possibility of analyzing truthfully the complex personality of an ethnic group. Renan's illusion on the purity of the Celtic race is rightly pointed out. But the following statement is questionable: "Sans doute visitait-il trop haut: il est aussi impossible de définir scientifiquement l'âme celte que l'âme slave" (p. 151). Renan's description never pretended to be scientific. Though the stylized image it presents ignores the contradictions of the Celtic character, it seems to this reader to have far more validity than Professor Galand is willing to grant it.

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The important role which Renan played in the development of Celtic studies in France is shown conclusively by Professor Galand, who stamps the essay on "La Poésie des races celtiques" as an example of *littérature engagée*. Renan was indeed combatting the materialism of his times through his praise of the spirit of independence and idealism of the Celts. However one is hardly justified to declare that Renan was also battling against "l'élégante corruption du gouvernement impérial, le despotisme de la censure et même la dictature politique de Napoléon III" (p. 15"). Stressing to this extent the censoring aspect of Renan's essay seems a gross exaggeration.

It is only on minor points that *L'Ame celtique de Renan* is open to criticism. This very fine study deserves high praise for the solidity of its scholarship and for the excellent portrait it gives of Renan. The author of the *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse* may not have been as perfect an image of the Celts as he thought he was. But as Professor Galand points out, his observations on the Celts—whether or not they are wellfounded—are significant in what they reveal of Renan's own personality.

Bryn Mawr College

MICHEL GUGGENHEIM

Nicole Houssa, *Le Souci de l'expression chez Colette* (Bruxelles: Palais des Académies, 1958. 235 pp. Académie Royale de Langue et de Littérature Françaises de Belgique). IT is perhaps fitting that the most exhaustive book on Colette's style should have been written by a Belgian critic, since the Belgian Royal Academy of French Language and Literature, less bigoted in its antifeminism than its French counterpart, had welcomed Colette as one of its members.

Nicole Houssa's work, accepted by the Academy for its series of "Mémoires" and published in 1958, is a deep and conscientious study of Colette's craftsmanship. Its title, *Le Souci de l'expression chez Colette*, while stating the scope of the book, also suggests the difficulty on which the author stumbled. She attempts to define Colette's style by discussing three of its aspects: faithfulness to sensation as a personal means to establish contact with the world of men and things, love for words as symbols and representations, and sense of rhythm.

Unfortunately her study led Nicole Houssa to the realization that Colette's style could not be defined because Colette is her style and cannot be separated from it. If any theme in Colette calls for a study

of style as well as of content, the reverse, somewhat bolder, proposition also holds true. Colette's style fuses itself completely with its subject matter. Thus after many captivating analyses which defy synthesis, after having shown that Colette's style was graphic, glowing, gorgeous, forceful, pithy, though at times thoroughgoing, racy at times to the point of preciousity, after many evidences and quotations, we are left to feel that we do not know much more about Colette's unique manner than when we started.

In spite of many well-substantiated passages, excellent observations, and perceptive remarks, Nicole Houssa, who had begun to write on the art of Colette, ended by discussing Colette's striving for form without achieving a definition of that form. Perhaps, as she concluded, this is not really possible. The original error must have been to lavish so much effort on a work which is neither pure literary criticism nor a plain stylistical discussion of Colette's craft.

The composition of the book, at first glance, appears strict enough but, if seriously tightened, its impact would be reinforced. Nicole Houssa often writes at a very slow pace and, to avoid mimetism of Colette, a pitfall which proved fatal to some of her predecessors, she sometimes lapses into inelegant phrasing. However, parts of her analysis provide highly informative material and will remain invaluable for the great book on Colette yet to be written.

Douglas College

MICHELINE HERZ

Gilbert Guisan, *C. F. Ramuz ou le génie de la patience* (Geneva: Droz, 1958. 153 pp. Publications de la Faculté des lettres, Univ. de Lausanne, 12). RAMUZ the creator and the artist has received many a fine tribute. The bittersweet poetry of his epic work diversely affected readers in general and critics in particular. His social and religious ideas have been amply discussed. His characters as well as the legends he weaves around them evoked emotions and compassion commensurate with the writer's aim. Man and nature being the nucleus of Ramuz' work, their relationship is what makes the peculiar flavor of the frugal, yet inspiring prose of the Swiss story teller.

Ramuz' patience was proverbial. Albert Béguin, in a moving homage to his compatriot, has shown the results of his efforts, and Béguin's subtle analysis brings to light many of the puzzling points in Ramuz'

dense narratives. One of the most recent critics, Boisdeffre, in a panoramic view of contemporary literature, also briefly points to Ramuz' "grandeur patiemment acquise."

It may therefore be not only legitimate but well advised to entitle a study of Ramuz' technique just as Mr. Guisan has done. The task set here is a textual analysis casting light on the artistic process through a comparison of a number of works by this conscientious author. It may seem regrettable that this valuable study should not have aimed, rather, at more worthwhile goals, at a study, for example, of the poetic and philosophic ideas of so deep and rich a body of work. But the author's own choice may not have dictated such limitation.

Guisan aims at showing the growing compactness in Ramuz' expression, which leads to the writer's mastery. He deliberately confines his investigation to eleven works. While there is no disputing this choice, necessary in an endeavor of this kind, the wisdom of some of the inclusions or exclusions is open to debate. Also, while certain works are studied in great—indeed in far too great—detail, others, even more important ones, receive only casual treatment. Again, it may be argued, and Mr. Guisan does so argue, that the works dealt with lengthily warrant such thorough scrutiny. He states (p. 12) that it appeared necessary to him to "analyze stylistic corrections in works particularly representative of the three manners of the writer." For works of the first of these manners, he distinguishes between "those that the artist reedited in the middle of his career" (*Aline*, in 1922; *Jean-Luc persécuté*, in 1921) and those which he only revised for the edition of his Complete Works: *Les Circonstances de la vie*, *Aimé Pache peintre vaudois*, *Vie de Samuel Belet*.

Among the works belonging to the second period (1914-1926) he retained *Raisons d'être*, *Les Signes parmi nous*, and *Passage du poète*. The last manner is illustrated by *Farinet ou la fausse monnaie* and *Derborence*. Guisan readily admits that he could have substituted other titles for the ones he has examined, without lacking material or weakening his point. His thesis is sound, even though it may be deplored that so much is said about what may seem trivial at the expense no doubt of more relevant factors. Guisan indeed somewhat overstresses the importance of omission or deletion of conjunctions, commas, etc. Punctuation may very well be a major stylistic device. Its use, however, by Ramuz at different stages of his evolution as a writer hardly justifies such minute comparison as is repeatedly made.

Perhaps also the choice of *Aline*, Ramuz' earliest work, for extensive textual analysis is a deliberate bypassing of more problematic writings. If we measure the amount of space devoted by Guisan to textual changes of sometimes minor significance against the short treatment of such an important book as *Vie de Samuel Belet*, we may wonder whether the approach chosen was the most advisable.

Guisan, speaking of *Jean-Luc persécuté*, the text of which he critically evaluates, points out the "archaic and rigid" first version, replaced by a more supple one in 1921. Once more, we are confronted with a vast number of minutiae, some convincing, others less so. Some changes include pure and simple suppression of entire paragraphs to tighten the narrative, and eliminate too "literary" descriptions or an occasional "sweetish" detail. Ramuz' style thus was becoming more and more precise and sober.

Showing Ramuz' increasing correction in the use of partitives, for instance, the author assembles a whole battery of grammatical authorities. His point is well taken, and we may adopt Guisan's finding of the substitution of a "style coordonné" to a "style juxtaposé."

The difficulties encountered during his formative years in Paris where he felt an exile helped the writer in that he grew more firm and, in retrospect, came to assert himself more independently. Therefore his work underwent far more radical textual changes between 1914 and 1926. All alterations, however, are not necessarily improvements. To this reviewer, some earlier versions appear clearer and more forceful than the revised ones, e. g. in *Passage du poète* where a 1921 text is expressive and colorful, whereas the 1941 version has lost some of the original drive and savor (Guisan, pp. 103-104).

Guisan's study is an honest, often enlightening, almost humble attempt at shedding light on one of the more vexing processes of artistry. In this investigation into textual changes, it may very well be that the "Romand" reserve of his object, Ramuz, has proved contagious to the critic. What else could explain that, too often, Guisan is held back in his analysis and does not further pursue his advantage?

It is quite telling to watch Ramuz at work *after* his text is printed. The reader may also wish to know how many alterations the original manuscripts underwent. Nothing is said, here, on this essential point, nor is any reference made to other critical books on Ramuz.

The almost exclusive stress on stylistics and even typographical and mere punctuation devices is driven too far. More could have been said about the elaboration of the characters, the ideas, as has indeed

been done in a few, too few, places. On the other hand, through detailed analysis of the passages studied, this book is a painstaking and thorough attempt at solving the mystery of the writer's struggle with his work. We are constantly aware of Ramuz' untiring effort in search of still more suggestive expressions.

Our good will may be strained when, instead of more fundamental matters, the substitution of a semicolon for a comma is hailed as a "happy lengthening effect of duration" (p. 121). But then again we must grant Mr. Guisan that Ramuz himself had stressed the importance of minute details. In a microscopic count of syllables (pp. 96-97, 144-145) destined to underscore the poetic quality of Ramuz' prose, the critic quotes a diary note in which we see the artist's concern with his tool: language and its auxiliaries.

This, then, may explain the approach chosen in Mr. Guisan's study. His contribution to learning is considerable. Much of his object's patience obviously has stained off upon him. Some of the uncertainties of a groping genius are shown in the book. But if that be the "genius of patience," many a reader may ponder the early death of so many great poets and artists: one shudders at the thought that other writers might also give us the minutely revised versions of works cast in youthful and immature enthusiasm. Where a Goethe, a D. H. Lawrence, a Claudel wrought fundamental transformations, Flaubert's attention to the smallest detail evidently has fostered abuses. Maturity brings clarity to many. It sometimes dampens too much of the fire that makes true poetry. Ramuz, as is shown in this book, had lucky moments of taste and acumen, when he whittled down his finished, printed works. Unfortunately he also seems to have clipped his own wings in more than one instance.

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KONRAD BIEBER

Germaine Brée, *Camus* (New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1959. x + 275 pp. \$5.00). THIS volume is admirably successful in proving in every respect satisfying to the most exacting scholarly reader, who expects solid information, serious discussion of ideas and of art, analytical precision in a study on a contemporary writer, and in addressing itself urbanely, intelligently, vibrantly to the general public which has adopted Camus as one of its spiritual guides. It is well written, with more simplicity and directness than the author had showed in earlier articles and books of hers. It is cut up, perhaps

to an excessive degree, into more than twenty chapters, but logically organized and it unfolds harmoniously, with no attempt at dramatizing unduly the career of one of the favorites of our age or at cheapening his earnest, at times tortured and even fumbling thought. It eschews technicity, with perhaps too much timidity. The reader would have welcomed a more detailed analysis of the stylistic devices in *L'Etranger*, whose effectiveness is due to a very skillful use of syntax and to a superb mastery of Hemingway-like devices in French. Likewise, the craftsmanship displayed in *La Peste*, which skirts around all the perils of a literary allegory and never founders into artificiality or dryness, might have been made more obvious to the reader through a few samples of stylistic commentary. The cadences, the imagery and the novelty of the style of Camus's hedonistic and pagan essays, laden with reminiscences of Chateaubriand, Barrès and Malraux, yet strikingly original, would also have deserved a few pages. For, unlike the best of her predecessors, who are probably the American Thomas Hanna and the Englishman Philip Thody, Germaine Brée grants due attention to Camus as an artist and to his sensibility, instead of distorting him into a philosopher. A ridiculous cloud of incense has lately been burnt before Camus's every pronouncement by Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian worshippers, as if he had uttered the oracular message of salvation devoutly wished by a shipwrecked world. A Jesuit father had, fifteen years ago, held out the hook of conversion to the one whom he termed "a Pascal without Christ." Protestant theologians have since benevolently bent over the Algerian writer who seemed to disclaim Existentialism and to stress absurdity almost as another North African, Tertullian, had declared: "Credo . . . quia ineptum est." Germaine Brée would perhaps not altogether subscribe to the claim made recently by the present reviewer that Camus is fundamentally "an anti-Christian moralist" (in Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society for October 1958). But she does not conceal the vacillations, the contradictions, the deep and lofty paganism of Camus's ethical message. Impartiality, wisdom and an intellectual honesty respectful of nuances are among her many qualities.

Her book grants due place to Camus's biography. It rests on many a confidence by the author himself, on free access to his unpublished *Notebooks* and on the first thorough examination of his earlier works, such as *L'Envers et l'Endroit*. One even wishes she might have confided further on his position toward Pascal and toward a Latin poet whom, strangely, Germaine Brée nowhere mentions among the por-

trayers of a plague conceived as an indictment of the gods: Lucretius. A recent article by Simone Fraisse, "De Lucrèce à Camus" in *Esprit* (March 1959) stresses the affinities between the two rebels against the silence of the Heavens, insensitive to the deaths of children and to the anguished clamor of the just men for a significance in this universe.

The emphasis laid by Germaine Brée on certain aspects of Camus's work at the expense of others may arouse dissent: she has a number of reservations on the success of Camus as a dramatist which many of us would formulate even more severely. In our opinion she grants excessive importance to the short stories of *L'Exil et le Royaume*, including "Le Renégat," more curious as revelations of Camus's own anxiety than as short stories. Many a reader of *La Chute* will not see their bewilderment at that parable dispelled by Germaine Brée's chapter: it is the most bitter, most sarcastic and pessimistic book by Camus, indicting the Existentialists' passion for confession and good faith as an easy escape from their own anguish, but also the selfishness of western Christian nations in general in allowing Austria, Czechoslovakia, more recently Hungary, to "drown" like the woman plunging from a Paris bridge, and living on to cover their guilt under a spate of lawyer's and penitent's words. But such very slight disagreements with the author's emphasis or tone, detract nothing from the superb merits of her critical appraisal. The criticism of a living writer must be practiced with tact, with talent and with an insight which reveals the author to himself and wins informed and perspicacious readers to the work which is illumined by the critic, but never dissected like a corpse. Germaine Brée meets all the demands one may make on a work by her and on a singularly appealing figure of modern letters.

A few details of very slight moment may be noted. Page 33: "le Temps du mépris" may come from Nietzsche, but first of all from St. Paul, *Romans* II, 5, "le jour de la colère." P. 116, the first name of the Norman duke and adventurer, on whom Shelley and Kleist planned to write a drama and whom the plague stopped before Constantinople, is Robert [Guiscard], not Jean; P. 117, Mathurin Marais should be Mathieu. P. 138, Caballero is misspelt and P. 141, "casa" should be "caso." P. 142, "Giralducian" would satisfy the purists better than "Giraldian." Germaine Brée's fluent and terse English prose will be envied by many a foreign-born, and even a native, American writer of English.

*Yale University*

HENRI PEYRE

**Friedrich Hiebel, *Christian Morgenstern. Wende und Aufbruch unseres Jahrhunderts*** (Bern: Francke Verlag, 1957. 247 pp.). FRIEDRICH Hiebel has written a book on Christian Morgenstern out of an intuitive understanding and a warm admiration which—in part at least—springs from sharing Morgenstern's philosophic-religious views. Morgenstern's *Weltanschauung* received its definitive impulse and form from Rudolf Steiner's theosophy, a religious "Geisteswissenschaft" to which Morgenstern was introduced in 1909. This spiritual experience is reflected in Morgenstern's later poetry. Since Morgenstern's acquaintance with Steiner marks a turning point in his life, Hiebel sees in Morgenstern a symbol, and finds symptomatic development, indicative of the spiritual search at the turn of the century.

The book is divided into two major sections, the first exploring Morgenstern's personal search for a valid and sustaining philosophy, the second dealing with Morgenstern's lyrical poetry, seen and examined in the light of his intellectual development.

Hiebel traces Morgenstern's way—through the encounters with Nietzsche's philosophy, Ibsen's drama (Morgenstern translated several of his plays), the ideas of Lagarde and Mauthner—from innocence to insight. This development is portrayed against the background of his times, the turbulent, searching, critical and analytical end of the 19th century. Morgenstern's first volume of verse, *In Phantas Schloss*, is dedicated "Dem Geiste Friedrich Nietzsches." On the philosopher's birthday he sends a copy to Nietzsche's mother with a moving letter, revealing not only youthful hero worship, but a deep and sympathetic understanding of Nietzsche's lonely tragedy.

Similarly Morgenstern's experiences in Norway, particularly his meetings with Ibsen, find an echo in "*Ein Sommer*." Morgenstern's interest in Franz Mauthner's ideas is linked to the word artistry of the *Galgenlieder* of which one is dedicated to Mauthner. Finally, Morgenstern's turn to mysticism and theosophy coincided with his finding the companion of his life when he met Margareta von Liechtenstern. "Da traf ich Dich, in ärgster Not: Den Andern! . . . Wir fanden einen Pfad. . . ."

Thus the culmination of Morgenstern's life and work appears in this last development. It represents a mystical union taking place on two different but interrelated levels, through his marriage and a new relationship to God.

The second part of the book follows the poet's metamorphoses in the different phases of his lyrical work which constitutes Morgenstern's

essential achievement. The Nietzsche inspired first volume is soon followed by another one, "Ich und die Welt" which still shows a pronounced ego-conscious attitude toward the world. "Das ganze Weltall bin ich allein und nichts ist außer mir." A personality ideal and cult is expressed—largely a reflection of the temper of the times—in a number of poems, compensated by the poet's awareness of love as the great conjunctive force of the universe. Thus the tone of these earlier poems ranges from Promethean self-assertion to a pantheistic feeling, presaging the religious-theosophic turn in his later poetry.

Several chapters in this second part are devoted to Morgenstern's humorous poetry (humorous here to be understood in the broad comprehensive sense, embracing the various aspects of Morgenstern's humour, the philosophical as well as the non-sensical, the musical and the ironical or grotesque). In dealing with this poetry Hiebel repeats and accepts Kayssler's dictum that Morgenstern's serious and humorous poetry is a "völlig geschlossene Synthese," yet one wonders whether this does not reflect a pious attitude rather than a critical one. For the vitality and vigour, the bold inventiveness and unlimited phantasy which Morgenstern displays in the humorous poetry, make the form and language of his philosophic-religious poems pale and conventional by comparison.

This observation points to a special problem in discussing the book. Since the author intended to follow Morgenstern's spiritual development, aesthetic criticism plays a secondary role. Accepting the premises of Hiebel's study, his method of dealing with Morgenstern's poetry is certainly valid, and his analysis of Morgenstern's artistic growth and intellectual maturation has the convincing force resulting from an intuitive understanding of Morgenstern's *Weltanschauung*.

Yet one cannot help noticing that Morgenstern's poetry outside his humorous poems lacks artistic force, is tradition-locked in its language, and its imagery. To be sure, the thoughts are noble, idealistic, the human attitude moving in its simplicity and humility, but as art this poetry is anaemic. All the greater is the contrast with the so-called humorous poetry. These poems, with their originality and daring, their feeling for and exploitation of the intrinsic possibilities of the German language, have as artistic expressions little relation to the other poetry.

This raises the question whether there was not a deep dichotomy in Morgenstern's art and personality. Was his embrace of theosophy

perhaps in part a retreat from the battlefield of his times, was it caused by the struggle with his father?

Was Morgenstern's "Demut" not strongly tinged with resignation, was it not—partially at least—a withdrawal from the intellectual arena?

Another problem which Hiebel leaves untouched is Morgenstern's position with regard to German expressionism. If one takes the term expressionism in a broad, comprehensive sense as designating the period of a new critical attitude, of revolt and iconoclasm, as a search for new artistic and humanistic values, as a time of daring experimentation and innovation, then Morgenstern's humorous and grotesque art should also be placed in this larger context.

These are questions pointing to certain limitations of Hiebel's book but they should in no way detract from the contribution Hiebel has made. His view of Morgenstern and his inner life is unified and presented with the love and knowledge of a true scholar. It does, however, leave much unsaid, and hence should stimulate and encourage further study of Morgenstern.

*Princeton University*

WERNER HOLLMANN

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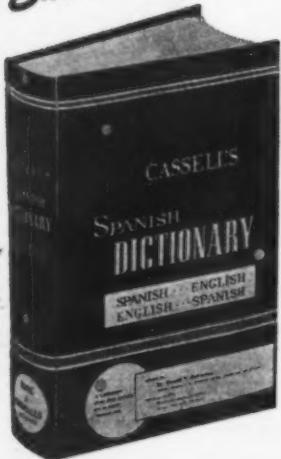
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